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TACOMA, WASH.

The Twins Predicament

THE Twins were old enough to know better, and, as someone remarked, "They should have had more sense." But it was very near the end of their first year at boarding school and such excitement can only be imagined. The June Ball was just three days off!

Some people always seem to leave everything until the last minute and then expect some special interposition of Providence to bring them out all right. So it was with the Twins.

Their dresses for the ball had been sent to them from home two weeks ago, and they had tried them on over and over again for their admiring friends. Friday evening Martha left the dance in the gym. early, and a freshman admirer followed her up to her room. At her earnest request Martha slipped off her white muslin and donned the pretty old rose messaline. When Margaret came up, she found her sister in a brown study.

"See here, Peggy," she said, when her sister had made her aware of her presence, "do you like white shoes and stockings with this dress? Because I don't, at all. I think they ought to match."

"Well," answered Margaret, "we'll have to wear them, anyway, because they are all we've got, and there isn't time to get any more. We'd have to have the slippers made to order, and we haven't money enough, anyway."

"We could gild our slippers," Martha suggested. "Those gilt ones that Miss Post had on this evening were darlings. And we've money enough for new stockings."

Margaret was delighted with this brilliant idea, and the twins went to bed with the happiest anticipations.

Saturday morning, Miss Ellis, armed with a sample, ransacked all the stores in Tacoma, but, alas, the right shade could not be found.

"Never mind, girls," she said, reassuringly. "I'm going to Seattle Monday, and I'll surely be able to find something there."

Meanwhile the twins used the gilding, Miss Ellis had bought them, with great success, and looked forward to Miss Ellis's return from Seattle with happy confidence. But their faces lengthened piteously when they heard Miss Ellis's report. No hose of any description—silk, lisle or cotton—that could be imagined to harmonize could be found.

Then Louise, always brimful of ideas, suggested, "Why don't you dye some to match? It's easy. My mother often does it."

The twins were desperate enough for anything. As soon as break-

fast was over the next morning they hurried to the corner drug-store and eagerly studied the dye color-card.

"There is one that would do," said Martha, "if it were not so dark."

"Darker or lighter, according to the quantity of water you use," the clerk reassured her; "dye any shade."

Returning with the magic package, the twins sought Louise, but she had gone out with a party in quest of greens to decorate the gymnasium for the ball. So they read the directions on the package carefully, and bravely set to work, mixing and stirring and testing, adding more water and testing again, sacrificing half-worn handkerchiefs and lingerie recklessly, in their anxiety to see whether the dye had reached the right shade. Finally they decided that it would do, and the two pairs of stockings were carefully dipped and hung on the towel rack to dry.

Martha went to throw away the remains of the dye, and returned to find her sister almost in tears.

"O, Martha," she whimpered, "the dye won't wash off my hands. I've tried clear water, and I've tried soapy water and I can't stir it."

"We'll have to use peroxide or pumice stone, or something," said Martha, calmly. "When Sue comes up I'll get her peroxide."

"But it's almost lunch time, Martha. We never can make ourselves presentable in time."

"Run and ask Miss Brown to excuse us from coming down. Tell her that we are tired and have headaches—yours does ache, doesn't it? Mine does, fit to split—and want to rest for this evening. Tell her that we have oranges and crackers and won't need anything else. I'm sure she will excuse us this once. And keep your hands under your apron, the girls will tease us to death if they see us like this." And Martha proceeded to pin a big "Engaged" sign on the door.

After their light lunch the twins threw themselves upon their cots, for a brief rest before the arduous task of bleaching their hands. Martha awoke first, after half an hour or so of troubled sleep, and her first thought was for the stockings. Her startled exclamation brought her twin from slumberland with a rush.

"They're streaky!" wailed Martha, "and they're three shades too light. I never thought of their drying lighter."

"Nor I," murmured Margaret. "What shall we do?"

"It's lucky that we didn't use the whole package of dye?" answered Martha. "We'll just dye them over again a deeper shade."

It was done as speedily as possible. Incidentally the hands of the twins also took on a deeper hue. Then they started in, in good earnest, to remove the stains. Martha donned hat and coat, to justify a pair of gloves, and went to collect all the bleaching agent she could. She

returned in triumph with Sue's peroxide, May's ammonia, a can of Dutch cleanser from one of the bathrooms, and an extra washbowl borrowed from Kate. They set to work with stern determination and in silence. After some time Margaret asked timidly: "Are you getting it off, Martha?"

"I'm getting the skin off, I believe," answered Martha, grimly. "I suppose the dye will come with it, but I doubt if our hands will look much better with the skin off."

"Mine smart awfully," sighed Margaret, "and I can't see that they are a bit whiter. Oh, we can't go to the ball!" and her voice broke with a sob.

"Don't cry, Peggy, for goodness sake. Do you want to make your eyes as red as your hands?" Margaret giggled in spite of herself. "I'm going down to see if Miss Patterson is in." Martha continued, "if there is any way out of this, she'll know it and she'll help us."

In ten minutes she returned, radiant. "Miss Patterson says that she will ask Miss Edmonds if we mayn't wear gloves to the ball. Those long white ones that we had for the Junior Prom. aren't much soiled. There's one thing, though," and her face fell a little, "we'll have to let the girls know why we wear them. You know Miss Edmonds told the girls expressly not to wear gloves, because it is an informal affair and she doesn't want the girls to think they must dress elaborately."

"I don't mind their knowing, really, if it weren't for Madge Jenkins," said Margaret, resignedly, "but she has been too hateful for anything lately, and I know she is just waiting for a chance to be mean."

"You know why, don't you? Miss Everett selected five of your drawings for the studio exhibition and only one of hers. Oh, well, don't you care. Cold cream your hands good and thick and lie down for a while. I'm going to take down this 'Engaged' sign. The sooner people know now the better."

It was not ten minutes before there came a loud rap at the door and Louise burst in.

"Goodness! I'm glad you're awake at last! Lend me your curling iron, Pat? For mercy's sake, child, what have you done to your hands? Oh, look at Peggy, too! Edna! Lorna! Come in here, will you, and look at this!"

A babel of laughing questions followed, as the others came running in. Martha explained, still dabbing nervously at her knuckles with cold cream.

"Ah! What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands," began Lorna.

"It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her

hands; I have known her to continue in this a quarter of an hour," quoted Edna in turn. "Yet here's a spot," and Louise patted Martha on the hand.

"Hark! she speaks; I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly," went on Lorna.

Then Louise:

"Out, damned spot! out, I say! Who would have thought the old man to have so much blood in him?"

This was too much. The girls went off in a gale of laughter, laughing until they were limp and breathless. When they had recovered a little, Edna asked: "But what will you do about dinner? You can't wear gloves at the table."

"Oh, and Miss Heath has invited that nephew of hers from Portland, and he will be at our table for dinner," added Lorna.

"Well," answered Martha, "we'll put all the powder on the backs of our hands that will stick, and I'll ask Miss Heath to move us down to the other end of the table. No, you ask her, Lorna, and ask her not to tell." But too late, the girls had returned to their hair-dressing. "I have looked forward so to this party and now it's spoiled."

"It really is too provoking for words," she went on, after the other meeting Adams Heath. You know he was here last year at Thanksgiving, and Lorna has raved about him until I am just wild to meet him. They say he is a very brilliant conversationist. Oh, well, such is life!"

The twins were very quiet as they came up from the ball, and went straight to their rooms, without lingering to talk with the other girls.

"Had a good time, Peggy?" asked Martha, listlessly, beginning to take down her hair.

"Pretty fair. I'm dead tired. Does your head ache still?"

"Yes, it has ached all evening, and I felt so heavy and dull."

"And this was our June Ball, that we've looked forward to so long."

"Did you dance with Mr. Heath at all?" queried Martha.

"Yes, I had the fifth waltz with him. But Madge Jenkins had just been barn-dancing with him, and I just know she told him about our dyeing and all. He kept looking at my gloves so mischievously, then he sat out a dance with me and began quoting poetry, and said something about 'rosy-fingered dawn.'"

"The mean, teasing, horrid man!" stormed Martha.

"Oh, I don't think he meant to be hateful, at all. But I was so fussed, I couldn't think of a thing to say, and I know he thought I was a perfect fool. Oh, well, I'll never see him again, most likely."

It was more than three years before they met again, but when they met the second time—well, that is another story.

D. F. WILLOUGHLY, '11.

MISS WILLIAMS WRITES HOME

The Annie Wright Seminary,
Tacoma, Wash., May 2, 1910.

My dear Sister:

The gentle field day, so long and strenuously prepared for, has come upon us and departed. Praise be! no bones are broken, no arms removed, not even the sound of hysterics still lingers. The sophomores won the basket-ball game, hence the "Bishop Keator cup" goes to them. The score was seven to twelve. I rather imagined the sophomore class would win, for they are such clever little girls. Last night the Juniors were pledged into the Senior Sorority. Therefore, I deemed it advisable to visit the respective domiciles of the members of the Junior class. I started on my round of calls at the gentle hour of three a. m. and was fortunate enough to find many of those whom I called on "out." However, I managed before the evening was over to see nearly all of them crowded into their friends' domiciles.

The funny part of it was, though, that as soon as I appeared they hurried away. Take, for instance, what happened at the home of the Misses Kellogg—when I went in several young ladies were there having a splendid time, but as soon as I came, they left—really I was tempted to think I was the cause of it.

Then I proceeded down to Addie Young's room, where I found Miss Robb reading a Bible that looked suspiciously like one of M. J. Holmes' books, and Addie in a supposedly devout posture that looked too much as if a basket of fruit might be dangling outside her window from the room above hers. I interrupted the Bible reading, sent that pious young Miss to her own apartments and requested that the other lady should retire. From here I sauntered up to the third floor, where I found the noble Seniors foregathered in the east end hall. Inquiring anent their business there at that unholy hour, I was informed that they were awaiting the appearance of the comet. "Which," the fair-haired Bessie explained, "according to the Juniors' astronomical calculations would appear at 3:30 a. m."

I opined that it would be well to adjourn, as it was well known that the Juniors were apt to make miscalculations on the time, but promised that if the comet pierced the gloom before I retired I would call them. I continued my march to the "Wade Inn" (as called because one has to pick one's way around trunks, boxes, etc.), the home of Mary Louisa (to get the effect be careful to pronounce the name Mary Lo-ui-sa), where I found a goodly number of jolly Juniors comfortably established. I begged them to tell me what their occupation was in Miss Mary's room at the break of day, and was informed that these demoiselles were awaiting the departure of the Seniors. "Be-

cause," they told me, "we told the Seniors about the comet. We didn't say that the comet would show, we just said that it might be visible. We are trying to get even with them for making us go into the drawing room against our wishes during initiation," this from Rebecca. I made it clear to them that they would suffer for their escapade in due season and warned them that it might be wise to withdraw. They took my caution and disappeared. Next morning the Juniors received many haughty glances from their elder sorority sisters and three hours serving apiece from their duty teacher. Now I must go punch a bell to start the mob to church; therefore, I'll finish this chronicle later in the day.

I get back to my epistle once more, sister mine. Today, being ascension day, I have been kept busy explaining its meaning to the young hopefuls. Almost as soon as I arrived on the scene of action this morning, Vernita (the child of whom I often speak to you) came up to me and said, "Miss Williams, is Mr. Hamilton going to ascend today because this is ascension day?" (To understand the pathos of this joke, you must know that Mr. Hamilton's flying machine was here a few months ago and that the school girls went to see the flight.) A little later a young lady, aged nine, said to me, "Miss Williams, why do they talk about flying machines in the Bible?"

Monday Eve.

I had to hold a little meeting after school today in honor of the talkative maidens. I gave each of them some fifty lines of Tennyson's Idylls to learn. On the whole, I spent a very pleasant afternoon listening to poetry. I had only my most intimate friends—can't you see them all? In the first row came Katherine, a little girl with a tongue and glasses, beside Mary, whom you know; then Rebecca of the red hair, and next to her, Rowine, who smiles while she is learning "Sir Gahahed." Also Lotus, Mary Louise, Marion, Addie, Lena, Leone and Edna.


This is about all for this time, as I have to aid a poor struggler with her class day speech, see if the lights are out, and see how my sick girls are. Give my love to mother and tell her I will write tomorrow. Is anything the matter with H. He hasn't written for two days.

Your affectionate sister,

MYRA L. WILLIAMS,
Per KATIE M'RAE, '12.



Sir Roger De Coverly at a Basket-ball Game

Y friend, Sir Roger de Coverly, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see a basket-ball game at the Seminary, assuring me, at the same time, that he had never witnessed one, but had heard the game highly praised. He then proceeded to inquire of me what the rules and regulations of the game were, and upon being told that only ten were needed to play the game, remarked that it was a pity the whole school could not engage in the game at once. Then, of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a taxicab and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then began a discourse upon the airship which would shortly visit Tacoma, telling me that a man and his life were soon parted, when such birdlike attempts were made. His discourse was broken off by the servant telling him he had called a cab. Upon going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels and steering gear, he asked the driver if the gasoline was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the good knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went into the cab without further ceremony.

We were soon arrived at the Seminary and heartily welcomed. As we went through the study hall, on our way to the gymnasium, the knight pointed at a picture of Abraham Lincoln and exclaimed, "Abe Lincoln, a great man! a splendid character! I should like to have known him—a very great man!"

A number of spectators were already assembled in the gymnasium and as soon as we had been shown to our places, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another and partake of the same common entertainment. Upon the entrance of the teams, the knight told me that he did not believe the Y. M. C. A. could boast of a better looking team. When the first basket was made he whispered to me that that girl had a straight eye. Upon the center's grappling and at last falling to the ground he remarked that he would recommend Widow Trueby's salve for bruises.

Between the first and second half the knight told me that he believed, had Baker been present at this game, it would have been mentioned in the "chronicle." He also whispered in my ear that he wished the widow were there to share his enjoyment. He here fetched a sigh of great depth, and fell into a fit of musing.

The second half was nearly over when I observed that Sir Roger had risen from his chair and was calling to one of the players, who was somewhat inattentive, to be about her business and keep her eye on the ball. At the conclusion of the game Sir Roger joined in the applause heartily, and seemed highly pleased with the class cheers.

On our way home Sir Roger exclaimed, "Basket-ball is a great game! The Seminary has good teams—splendid teams!" Therefore, I judge that Sir Roger's first impressions of a basket-ball game were favorable, and that he was fully satisfied with his entertainment.

ALITA EAMES, '11.

A Day in New York

I NEVER shall forget the day that my Uncle Joe come and took me in his airship to New York. You know me and my folks lives down in New Mexico. I know airships is common things but we live in such an out of the way corner of the earth that we seldom see 'em.

I remember the day as well as if it was yesterday. It was a warm summer morning, about seven o'clock by the electric clock, which kept fairly good time, in the year 1984, you see that was considerable time back. Me and Ma and Pa was a standin' in front of our three-story house, I know that sounds queer but you see we lived so far away from everybody that we couldn't have many conveniences.

Well, as I was saying, we was a-standin' in the front yard when I seen a aeroplane comin' toward us. Of course we all watched it, and, you bet, we was surprised when it stopped by our house and Uncle Joe stepped out. The last we heard of him he was a-cruisin' about the North Pole. Wall, out he got and gave us all a howdy.

And then he says, says he: "Bub," that's me, "how'd ye like to take a little trip to New York with me?"

Says I, "I'd just be tickled to death to go."

So I said good bye to Ma and Pa and clum into the machine with him. Talk about goin' fast. I had been to Green Forks and a few of them places on the train, but it never went any faster than sixty miles an hour, pretty fast for there. While we was goin' to New York I walked around the airship and took it all in. It was something like a boat in shape and about three hundred feet long, not so very large, you see. Wall, one time I looked down and, you know, I actually seen a few horses; at least my uncle said they was. I had never saw any of them before, and they was the most funniest looking critters I ever seen, going about on four legs. Then we passed the fastest train running

between Los Angeles and Chicago. It was goin' about eighty-five miles an hour. When we arrived in New York, we landed on the hundred and twenty-first story of the Metropolitan Trust building, which was by no means the highest in New York, as the new Singer building was a hundred and ninety-six stories high. We got into the elevator and went down to the ground floor. Then we walked about the streets for a time and seen all the sights. As we was hungry, Uncle Joe took me to Del Balicoes. Gosh! but it were the swellest place I ever seen, and I guess it were the swellest eating house in town. While we was a-eatin' one of them there pesky furriners come in. Uncle Joe said that that thar furriner was a count something-or-other and that he were a-goin' to marry one of the Vanderhall girls and didn't he think he was jest it. Gosh! but he thought he was swell. After a-gazin' around for a while, Uncle Joe ordered the lunch and all of them thar edible things was served by electricity. I never seen that done afore and it was kinder spooky-like to see them things come and go and nobody a-doin' it. After lunch Uncle Joe asked me what I wanted to do.

I says, says I, "I want to go and see a show."

"I'll take you to the Pipadrome," says he.

As there was a little time before the show commenced we walked around the streets and seen some more sights; then we went to the show. Gosh, but it was huge, the stage revolved around on a pivot so that thar were no wait between scenes, and the play. Gosh! it was great!

After we got out of that thar place there wuz about an hour before dinner so my uncle, he says, says he, "How'ed ye like to take a little trip in the machine afore dinner?"

"You bet your boots I would," says I.

We went up in a balloon to the top of the building where the machine was hitched. My uncle unfastened it and off we started. He asked me where I wanted to go. I says that I didn't care, so he says:

"Bub, how'ed ye like to go to England fur a little trip?"

I says, "Sure."

So we got into the machine and jest skimmed over the water like a big bird. We flew over England, watched the aeroplane races for a while and then returned to New York.

Being hungry, my uncle took me to the Out Rageous Hotel for dinner. It sure was great; there were fifteen courses, but it takes too long to describe them so I won't try, and the price, never mind!

After that my uncle says it was time to go home and I sure was awful sorry to go, as I had had such a beautiful time and such dreadful good things to eat, but he said we must so we got into the machine again and back we started. When we had gotten about half way, we

got catched in a turible storm. There was lightnin' and thunder and I wuz scared stiff. All of a sudden a bolt of lightnin' struck the ship and as she capsized I felt myself falling, falling and landed with an awful bump.

I opened my eyes and found that I had fallen out of bed; that I was in my own little room, and that my trip to New York was nothing but a dream.

CELESTE DORR, '13.

CHRONICLES

XXIII.

NOW when the sun had gone down, a deep sleep fell upon the Seniors, and lo, an horror of great darkness came upon them. And it came to pass that in the selfsame hour, rose Rebecca and Edna from the initiated house of the tribe of Juniors. And they straightway went to the door of the house of Seniors, and the Seniors lifted up their eyes and looked, and lo, two persons stood by them, and even as they looked Edna and Rebecca of the initiated house of the tribe of Juniors spoke: "Behold, the hour cometh, and now is, when there shall be a sign in the heavens even as foretold by the prophet Halley, 'Go ye up and gaze skyward and your sight shall be filled.' " And they cried aloud and left their beds and hastened to an upper window. And they gazed steadfastly up to heaven, but no sign appeared unto them. But Harriet, daughter of Andrews, came last of all, having tarried by the way, and she spake unto them saying, "Why stand ye still gazing? It may be that we have mistaken the window. Come now and let us search the sky from other parts of the house; know ye of a truth in what quarter of the sky the sign shall appear?"

Then spake Edna to Rebecca, "I will go up now and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which is come from us, and if not, we will know." And when she had returned from doing this, she cried, "Rebecca, the Seniors be upon thee!" and they both straightway retreated into the annex. Then Rebecca rent her garments and cried, "Would that we had died in initiation."

And it came to pass that the Seniors returned from vain searching of the sky after forty minutes and there was wailing and gnashing of teeth, for Rebecca and Edna were wicked, in the eyes of the Seniors. Then spake Rebecca and Edna, "Is not the whole building before thee? separate thyself, we pray thee, from us; if thou wilt take the left hand, then will we go to the right; or if thou go to the right hand, then

wilt we depart to the left, for the congregation of naughty men seek after our souls, and we are sore distressed."

And it came to pass that all the congregation of the Seniors lifted up their voices and cried: And the people wept that night. There rose up Ethel, daughter of Levin of the tribe of the Seniors, and her follower, Neva, of the tribe of Sophomores, and they sought Edna and Rebecca, and they found Edna fleeing into the annex, and found Rebecca at the sink. And they retreated farther into the annex, and even the electric lights stood still for them. Then Rebecca and Edna sought refuge in a practice room and Ethel and her follower Neva returned to their tents. And Rebecca and Edna hied them away from the wrath of the Seniors into the house of Laura, one from the tribe of Seniors, and she was their shield and protector. And they said, "Blessed shall this woman be of all Seniors, for she hath saved our lives."

And lo, a deep sleep fell again upon the Seniors, for they were weary, and peace reigned in the house of Annie. Selah.

EDNA ROACH, 11.



EXTRACT FROM THE CATALOG

Every effort is made to give the pupils an environment of culture and refinement and the comforts and pleasures of a genuine penitentiary life.

A short religious service is conducted by the initiated Juniors class every evening after dinner. Pupils only are expected to attend.

The regulations concerning the family life are made for earnest, conscientious girls who can be trusted to do right when under constant supervision. Only such rules are formulated as have been found necessary by the girls in the well ordering of a large faculty.

If accompanied by a reputable physician, a lawyer of good standing, the local police force and state militia, the older pupils are allowed to attend church and such sacred concerts as are deemed suitable, provided they are sufficiently good bluffers as to have a satisfactory report.

The health of the girls is carefully watched over. A large sunny room in the coldest corner of the house is used as an infirmary. There the girls find refuge from French tests, English examinations, church, etc., whenever they are not disposed to keep up the routine of school life.

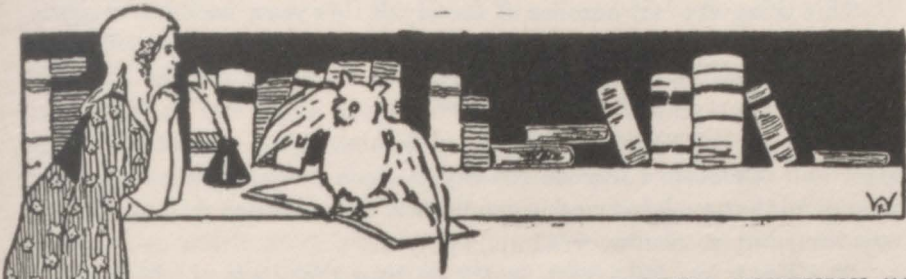
The wardrobe of the girls is carefully examined from time to time in order to see that the girls' garments are strictly in accordance with the latest fashions. Any girls who are behind in this respect will be given private tutoring at the regular rates. Every Saturday morning an hour is devoted to sewing, where girls are allowed to skip so as to gain some experience in skating, diplomacy, tennis playing, etc.

Visitors from the city are received on Friday and Saturday afternoons and evenings. Those who are unknown to the maid must bring a letter of introduction from the district policeman.

It is earnestly requested that all dentistry, dress making, shopping, etc., shall be done while school is in session, as in this way a diversion is introduced into the girls' lives which helps to counteract the tendency toward overwork manifested by the majority of the students.

It is especially desired that the dress of the pupils shall be inexpensive and simple. Expensive jewelry should be left at home, as imitation diamonds and trinkets of all kinds can be purchased for a small sum. Pupils must be provided with an ample supply of popular songs, hair ribbons, fancy slippers, loud stockings, false hair, puffs and curls if possible, hand embroidered bath robe, and a deck of cards.

"FANNIE."



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 MARY DREW, '12

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Contributions are requested from former pupils and present members of the School.

EDITORIALS

In this, our final, issue of the Hyak, we Juniors want to offer our deepest gratitude and our sincerest thanks to all those who have aided us so greatly in our attempt to continue the standard of good work set by the Seniors of the past year. First, we wish to say how deeply grateful we are to the English teachers, Miss Smith and Miss McGraw, for their invaluable assistance, and to Miss Frahm, Miss Williams and the many others of the faculty who have given us the support of their encouragement and approval. To Dorothy Atkinson and her assistants we feel that we owe unending thanks, for their never failing interest and their tireless efforts have contributed more than words can express toward making a success of this magazine. As for the other girls who have done so much for the Hyak, and who have done it so willingly, we can only wish that throughout their lives they may have as true and faithful friends, as earnest, steadfast and competent co-workers as they have proven to us.

REBECCA STEVENSON.

This being the last number of the Hyak this year, we deem it advisable to say a few words concerning its publication next year. We, the Juniors, have decided that our class will be too small and the girls will have too heavy schedules to take up the Hyak again and do it full justice. We hope the Class of '12 will give this subject earnest consideration, and decide to carry on the Hyak work in our stead, as we feel confident that so large and competent a class cannot fail to make it anything but a success.

The Hyak has been kept up for so long that it would be a shame to drop it now, especially when there are so many girls who are capable of doing very good work for it. If the Junior class will take it up next year, we promise that we will do all in our power to aid them.

ROWINE KELLOGG, '11.

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Now that the great day is drawing near which terminates our course, we Seniors look back with sad hearts over the happy years which we spent here together, at the thought of leaving the dear old school, and, most of all, our loving classmates, who will scatter far and wide, perhaps never all to meet again. We hope that we may have some pleasant memories, some kind thoughts, of us in the minds of our teachers, who have done so much for us, and that when we come back from time to time to visit the school and look with pride at the good work of the students and the fine standard the school has attained, we may feel that we have had our little part in it all. All our joys and triumphs, all our plans for the future, have an undertone of sadness.

ETHEL LEVIN, '10.

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I am quite sure that a great deal has already been said about the fine spirit which the girls have shown in athletics, although, of course, too much cannot be said about it. Yet I think the girls deserve a lot of praise for the spirit shown in other things. From what I have heard, there is a great deal more school spirit this year than there has been before. Good!

Take the walks, for instance! Now, all of us are bound to grumble about it at times, but since the divisions have been made, there has not been any grumbling that mattered, and it has been this something called "spirit" which the girls have used to make walks a pleasure instead of a duty.

Then the teachers! Haven't they shown just the best spirit? Take the days when we were preparing for Field Day, weren't they ready at any moment to drop their own work to help get ready a costume for the parade or suggest what to do in any emergency that arose?

Taking it all around, every one has shown a lot of spirit, and I'm

very certain that we are all the better for it, so let's close with a hearty cheer for school spirit in all things, great or small.

CARLESTA OVERMEYER, '12.

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Girls, here we are almost at the end of our school term. Some of us, perhaps, leave for good, while others will return in the fall. However that may be, I, for one, feel that we all have tried to make the best of everything, and to show ourselves appreciative of all the opportunities we have had in the various phases of our school life. Especially do we appreciate the interest which our Bishop has shown in the school, by giving us the beautiful silver cup to work for in basket-ball and the other attractive prizes which were given for other features in athletics. These we all have tried our best to win. Needless to say, the encouragement which Miss Frahm has given has helped to make this the best year we have ever had in this department. Then, too, Miss Fitch and the faculty have given us the encouragement of their interest and presence at our big events. With such backing it is no wonder that we had such a splendid showing for Field Day. We are glad, too, that so many of the girls were able to go to the Athletic Banquet, for that means not only good standing in the gymnasium work, but also in academic work as well. So let us close our year with nine long rahs and a tiger for Miss Frahm, Miss Fitch, the Bishop and the Annie Wright Seminary.

MINNIE SCOTT, '13.

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We print below the names of the girls on the athletic honor roll this year. The length of the lists speaks well for the girls' spirit and their earnest endeavors in their gymnasium work, but may it increase until it includes the names of every girl in Miss Frahm's roll book:

Dorothy Atkinson.
Ruth Carlson.
Lulu Clay.
Helen Davies.
Janie Dow.
Corinne Doud.
Edith Eaton.
Bessie Eckert.
Edith Greenfield.
Selma Hanson.
Theresa Holmes.
Jean Howell.
Lena Jenott.
Winifred Jenott.
Rowine Kellogg.

Marion Kellogg.
Ruth La Forge.
Elizabeth MacLean.
Katie McRae.
Edna Roach.
Lotus Robb.
Blanche Robinson.
Frances Root.
Florence Schultz.
Irene Short.
Hazel Small.
Rebecca Stevenson.
Mary Tarbell.
Muriel Wilkinson.
Adelaide Young.

LEST AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT

Mrs. Frederick G. Hutchinson, formerly Ella Paddock, '90, has been visiting Mrs. Matthew Miller in Tacoma, on her way to Hood River, Oregon. Mrs. Hutchinson is a daughter of the late Bishop Paddock of Washington, and it is interesting to note that in her new home she will be in the diocese of her brother, Bishop Paddock of Eastern Oregon.

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Irene Graham, now Mrs. Bean, has come from Bellingham to Tacoma, where her husband takes Mr. Dimmock's place as superintendent of the T. R. & P. Co.

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It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of Mrs. Hayden, formerly Stella Applegate, '93 and for several years a teacher in the Annie Wright Seminary. She will be greatly missed.

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May Eidemiller, '05, will be graduated this month from the Good Samaritan Hospital in Portland.

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Mary Atkinson, Lucy Cook and Grace Macdonald, all '06, will take their degrees at Wellesley. Mrs. Atkinson is planning to attend her daughter's commencement.

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Alice Stoddard, '06; Fielda McLean, '07, and Ray Woodruff, '08, have been at the University of Oregon this year.

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Mr. and Mrs. Ralph T. Johns are settled in their new home at North Twenty-fifth street and Puget Sound avenue. Mrs. Johns was formerly Louise Pringle, '08.

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Wilhelmine Fink, '08, has been having a most delightful trip this spring. Starting from Tacoma for New Orleans on the Shriners' special, she has since visited friends in Galveston, Memphis and St. Louis. Then in Chicago she was the guest of Mrs. Cavender, who will be remembered as Miss Alice Mills, formerly in charge of the art department of the Annie Wright Seminary. After visits in Butte and Billings, and a trip through Yellowstone Park, she will return early in July.

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Irene Ulin, '09, made her debut in Victoria society last winter.

Emily Coleman and May McCormack, both '09, are on their way home from their first year at Leland Stanford University as we go to press, coming from San Francisco by boat. We hope to have them with us for commencement.

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Marriages

Johns-Pringle—In Tacoma, March 9, Miss Louise Pringle to Mr. Ralph T. Johns. The wedding took place at the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. W. H. Pringle, the Rt. Rev. Frederic W. Keator officiating.

Poulson-Ruth—In Olympia, April 13, at the residence of the bride's father, Miss Marie Ruth and Dr. W. C. Poulson.

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Births

March—A son, to Lieut. and Mrs. Richard Park. Mrs. Park was formerly Winifred Higgins, '06.

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Deaths

In Tacoma, May 9, Mrs. Hayden, formerly Stella Applegate, '93.

Locals

Dora Willoughby spent her Easter vacation in Victoria as a guest of Katie MacRae.

Harriet Andrews spent her vacation in Olympia as a guest of Floria Schively.

Katherine Simpson spent her Easter vacation in South Prairie, as a guest of Leone Sweet.

Mary Louise Simpson spent her vacation in Tacoma, as a guest of Genevieve Birmingham.

Mrs. Henry visited her daughter, Julia, just before the Easter vacation.

Esther Anderson visited her old friends in the school March 28.

Mrs. Pattee visited Florence Schultz, April 15 and 16.

Mrs. Norman visited her daughter, Ethel, April 23 and also May 12.

Marion Kellogg, Edith Greenfield, Katie MacRae, Addie Young, Francis Root, Corinne Doud, Rebecca Stevenson and Dorothy Atkinson, chaperoned by Miss Drake, attended a launch party, given by George and William Atkinson and John Jones, April 23.

Mrs. Wentworth visited Rowine Kellogg Saturday, April 25.

The school picnic was held at American Lake May 13.

Mrs. Sweet visited her daughter, Leone, May 14.

Mrs. Moomaw visited her daughter, Gladys, May 16.

Mrs. Stever visited her daughter, Laura, May 17.

ON THE REVIEWING DESK

One of this month's "best sellers" is Mark T. Cicero's latest book, "The Misdemeanors of Lucius," a series of adventures as original as they are romantic. Virile, strong, boldly though a trifle crudely stated, the book is gripping in its human intensity. We predict that it will have even greater vogue than the eminently successful historical romance, "The Conquering Hero," with which Mr. Cicero made his bow to the public last fall. The book is handsomely bound, and illustrated by Harrison Fisher.

"Silas Marner," or "A Blighted Life," by George Eliot. An ingenious tale of love, mystery and adventure, really clever, but seriously marred by the author's inability to restrain her tendency toward melodrama.

"Little Chemera," the joint work of five popular fiction writers of the day, is a light, vivacious novel, one of the brightest, most sparkling of the season, full of froth and gaiety to wile away a summer's afternoon, but of no material benefit.

"Social Amenities for the School Girl," by Myra L. Williams. A small volume on etiquette which should find a place on every book lover's desk. The book is daintily bound and illustrated, and would make a most acceptable birthday or commencement gift.

"The Conquest of Gaul," by C. J. Caesar. An interesting discussion of United States army life at the present day. General Caesar is a West Point graduate, who certainly understands his subject thoroughly.

"Zoologia." A collection of short stories, light but well written.

"Wandering in Unknown Lands," by Virgil Marot, is a book to bring delight to the heart of any boy. Mr. Marot is a writer of the Henty style, and his latest book of travel and stirring adventures is sure to surpass even his previous ones in success.

"When the Cat's Away," a very amusing novel by P. Terence Menander. The story deals with the misadventures of two youths, cousins, whose fathers, called away by business, leave their respective scions in care of the family butler. The young men straightway fall in love, one with a vaudeville song and dance artiste, whose manager will not let her off her contract; the other with a governess of beauty but obscure birth. The winding up of these tangled affairs is very cleverly done. Mr. Menander's style is full of Celtic wit and humor which will be keenly relished by all.

COMMENCEMENT

One of the attractions of commencement week which deserves special mention is the Studio Tea, which was given on Saturday, June 4, in the studio, following the commencement exercises of the eighth grade. Dainty cakes and tea were served during the afternoon.

The work of the private pupils in water color, charcoal, pencil and pen and ink, showed great progress made during the year. The compositions and illustrations were especially good, but the work in brass, leather and stenciled fabrics was even better, that of Celeste Dorr deserving special mention. The designs in leather were made up into bags, card-cases, book covers, purses and belts. Miss Trane's private pupils this year are: Celeste Dorr, Pearl Tweeden, Vernita Swezea and Marie Rohrabacher. The class work was very good, comprising water color in the same medium, landscapes, still life and flower studies and outdoor sketching. Some good construction work, booklets, candle shades and stenciled fabrics were also on exhibition. The exhibits of Blanche Robinson, Jean Patrick and Luly Clay were especially commendable.

The girls in the fifth, sixth and seventh grades who deserve mention for their work during the year are: Mary Woods, Katherine Huggins, Gladys Wiggins and Helen Rogers. Those in the eighth, Ruth Carlson, Florence Cornell, Bernice Phillips and Mary Tarbell.

During the first part of the year a contest in design was carried on by the Freshmen in which Lulu Clay was the honored one, her stenciled curtains being chosen for the Girls' Parlor. Irene Short also deserves special mention in the Freshman class.

The Sophomores were thoroughly good workers, notably: Helen Keen, Mary Louise Simpson, Dorothy Atkinson, Sophia McCullough, Hazel Catching, Doris Misner and Erna Mierow.

The Juniors have been very busy this year and consequently only two of the girls have had time to work at art, Edna Roach and Edna Burgess, both of whom have done creditable work.

The Seniors are certainly deserving of credit, in particular Hazel Small, who has worked untiringly this year.

All the girls wish to extend their heartiest thanks to Miss Trane for her unceasing endeavor to arouse a stronger interest in art among the girls, not only as a study, but as a factor in daily life.

The Commencement recital, of which report is given elsewhere, took place on Monday evening. Tuesday was Class Day, the exercises occupying the afternoon. The program was as follows: The Speech of Welcome, by Edith Eaton; the Class Prophecy, the Plant-

ing of the Tree, by Laura Stever, and the Spade Speech, by Ethel Levin, and the receiving of the Spade, by Rowine Kellogg.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

It is a hearty welcome that the class of 1910 extends to you today. We feel it an honor to take our turn in giving a glad greeting to one and all; to our dear Bishop, to Miss Fitch and to the faculty whose wise counsel and help have done much to make this year a happy one, to our predecessors who have set us so good an example and to our friends one and all.

In our joy there is a glimmer of sadness; as we greet our fellow students, who in the years to come will take our places—when the rain has washed out our footsteps and the class of 1910 has become but a memory.

All too swiftly has this, our senior, year slipped away and we come together now for one last gala day before we part. To the mystic rites of our class day, as we seek to penetrate the veil of the Future, as we bid a fond farewell to the happy Past we give you all a cordial welcome.

A. D. 1920. DRAMATIC INTERLUDE

THE CAST

Mrs. Chesterfield, consulting astrologer.....Bessie Knettle

Mrs. Adolph Guggenheimer, who comes to consult Mrs. Chesterfield

..... Mary Swearingen

The scene is laid in Mrs. Chesterfield's office.

Mrs. C.: I wonder where I put that old address book of mine; I had it just a short time ago. I want to see if I am right. Last evening, while I was watching the stars from my observatory, one of my assistants handed me a card on which I read the name "Mrs. Adolph Guggenheimer." It seemed to me that I had heard the name before, and after considerable thought I figured it out that she was Mary Swearingen, one of my old classmates at the Annie Wright Seminary. She had expressed a wish to consult me, and one can imagine my anxiety to see her, after a long ten years of separation. I told James to keep the afternoon clear for her and send her in as soon as she came. (A knock is heard.) That must be she now.

(Opens door.)

Mrs. G.: Is this Mrs. Chesterfield's observatory?

Mrs. C.: Yes.

Mrs. G. May I speak to her, please? Why! Bessie Knettle! Is it

possible? I am so glad to see you.

Mrs. C.: And I am sure I couldn't wish for a greater pleasure than to see an old classmate of mine again. Do sit down and we will have one long chat over olden times. It does seem so good to see you again. How did your plans pan out? Don't you remember how you talked of home-life on a poultry farm? Now tell me all about yourself, won't you.

Mrs. G.: Well, you know I always had a streak of giddiness in me, and you may remember that I often expressed my desire, jokingly, to travel with a circus, although I was quite sincere when speaking of my farm. It so happened that a circus came out to South Tacoma, soon after I left school, and I was persuaded by one of the performers, whose acquaintance I chanced to make, to join their merry crowd. My parents were broken-hearted over it, but I was right in my element. I made a grand success, so they say, as ballet dancer and tight rope walker, until I met Mr. Guggenheimer, which was quite a romance. Of course, he didn't like to have me in such a public life, and finally he persuaded me to give it up and retire to farm life with him. So I am now happily located on a poultry farm near Steilacoom and as contented as possible. You must come to see me some time. But how does it happen that you have turned out to be such a genius?

Mrs. C.: It would be one long story if I should tell you all, Mary dear, but in short, immediately after leaving school I went abroad for several years, and during my travels I met a Mr. Chesterfield, a wealthy Englishman, whom I married soon after my return to America. We lived happily for four years, but he became dissatisfied with me, because after I became enthusiastic over astrology, I did not care to go out with him as much as I had been doing. After a good deal of unpleasantness we decided to separate, so I took up the profession of astrology, with which I am more than delighted, and am making such a success of it. I now have a large class under me.

Mrs. G.: I am so glad to hear of your being so successful and hope you continue so.

Mrs. C.: Thank you. But tell me, do you ever hear from any of the girls who were in our class at the Sem.?

Mrs. G.: I haven't heard directly from any one of them in years. To tell the truth, it was about one of them that I came to consult you this afternoon; Lydia Lowell, she was such a dear friend of mine, you know.

Mrs. C.: Do you remember when her birthday comes and just how old she is?

Mrs. G.: Just one minute. I brought my old birthday book along. Now let me see; yes, here it is. She was born August 31, '91.

Mrs. C.: Then it is a very simple matter. By the modern electrical horoscope machine, on which I have made some important improvements, a complete horoscope can be produced almost instantaneously. You see, I punch the day, month and year on separate cards, put each card into a separate compartment, connect up the machine, and presto! here is Lydia's horoscope.

Mrs. G.: Successful inventor, wins fortune, famous musician. Well, what do you think of that! Little Lydia!

Mrs. C.: The last that I heard of her, she was trying to make a sort of spun-glass veil for motorists; that must be the successful invention that made her fortune.

Mrs. G.: And now she's a famous violinist! She must be touring Europe, I suppose; I haven't heard of her in this country. How I wish I could see her!

Mrs. C.: That is quite possible, by means of my art. Look behind you at that plain, ordinary-looking mirror. Now watch. (Places tripod before mirror, and sets upon it a censer, which she lights; she scatters a powder over the flame, causing its color to change.) I summon up the visible presence of Lydia Lowell. (Apparition in mirror.)

Mrs. G.: Oh! how perfectly wonderful! (Figure vanishes.) That was Lydia, certainly, and did you notice that fine old violin? Some famous Stradivarius, I dare say, that cost her thousands of dollars. It's well she made a fortune.

Mrs. C.: Have you the names of all the class in your birthday book? We might call them all up in turn.

Mrs. G.: Oh, do! I think I have every one. I have just looked up Harriet Andrews. (Business of horoscope casting as before.)

Mrs. C.: So Harriet is famous also, it seems.

Mrs. G.: A famous actress, a great tragedian! Oh, let's see her in the mirror! (Business of mirror as before. Apparition costumed as Lady Macbeth.)

Mrs. C.: Let me see that horoscope again. She is to receive honors from crowned heads, did you notice!

Mrs. G.: Think of it! Well, let's find out about Edith Eaton. (Business of horoscope.)

Mrs. C.: Many years of study, in this country and in foreign lands; then she becomes an eminent educator, the head of some great institution. I suppose that means that she is president of some women's college.

Mrs. G.: Well, let's have a look at her. (Business of mirror. Apparition in academic robes.)

Mrs. C.: Doesn't she look distinguished? I'm proud to have known her, aren't you?

Mrs. G.: Yes, indeed. And now here is Ruth's date (Business of horoscope.)

Mrs. C.: Well, there doesn't seem to be much about Ruth Foss except that she is married, and quite wealthy. We'll try the mirror. (Business of mirror. Apparition in motor costume, aeroplane in background, bearing name "Lester.")

Mrs. G.: So she has gone in for flying machines. Well, she certainly looked as if she was enjoying herself. Now, what about Jessie Hatch? (Business of horoscope.)

Mrs. C.: Jessie is married, and wealthy, and devoted to charity; has founded some sort of charitable institution. (Business of mirror. Apparition with group of little children in uniform.)

Mrs. G.: The institution seems to be a children's home. Isn't that splendid! Let's see about Catherine Hill. (Business of horoscope.)

Mrs. C.: She seems to have had a pretty hard time. She's been married, and left a widow with a family to support, and has opened some sort of a shop for a living for them. (Business of mirror. Apparition in white jacket and apron, with razor poised. The top of a long chair showing.)

Mrs. G.: Well, hurrah for Catherine! I'm proud of her, and wish her all success. I wonder what sort of time Ethel Levin is having. (Business of horoscope.)

Mrs. C.: She makes politics her career, and has attained some high position, a sort of commanding or controlling position. (Business of mirror. Apparition standing behind pulpit-like desk, holding gavel.)

Mrs. G.: She must have gone to some equal franchise state, for she seems to be speaker of one of the houses of the legislature. That would just suit Ethel. I don't believe Lorraine has gone in for politics. (Business of horoscope.)

Mrs. C.: No, hers is a musical career, light opera or musical comedy, I should think. (Business of mirror. Apparition in showy street garb, in background theatrical poster, on which are distinctly visible "500 Nights in New York," "Bean Van Noyes," "Mlle. Lorraine de la Page.")

Mrs. G.: What was that at the bottom of the poster about a song-hit?

Mrs. C.: "Love song in waltz time," I make it; "The Dickie Bird."

Mrs. G.: So Loraine is a prima donna! And what is Sadie? I know that she went abroad to study music, and I heard that she returned to this country for a vacation, after several years' study, and that an Italian count followed her, and was very devoted. (Business of horoscope.)

Mrs. C.: Apparently she has become a noted pianist, giving con

certs in the great cities of Europe. She's been married twice, it seems; the first time to a musician, a violinist, I should think; after his death she married a second time; a nobleman this time.

Mrs. G.: That Italian count, most likely. What sort of experience has Hazel Small had? (Business of horoscope.)

Mrs. C.: Not very pleasant. She has had two husbands and had to leave them both. The first one apparently didn't treat her very well or make much of a living for her. He seems to have been a veterinary surgeon. Her second husband, I should think, was a comedian, and she acted with him and he was jealous of her success. Apparently she goes on acting, though she has left him. (Business of mirror. Apparition in French doll costume, dancing dolly pose.)

Mrs. G.: Oh, she's doing her old dancing doll stunt in vaudeville! I wish she'd come on this circuit; I'd love to see her again. Let's see about Laura; I wonder if she is a farmer's wife with half a dozen children. (Business of horoscope.)

Mrs. C.: She went south, to a place where there are countless sheep on boundless plains. That must be Texas. There she was courted by a man in rather a humble position—a sheep-herder, I suppose—and after she had accepted him he came into a title and a fortune. (Business of mirror. Apparition garbed for presentation at court, wearing countess' coronet.)

Mrs. G.: Laura the bride of an English earl! Isn't that romantic! The fortunes seem getting better. What is Muriel's? (Business of horoscope.)

Mrs. C.: Muriel Wilkenson has studied a great deal and taken several degrees. Now she is married, to a man who has conquered vast regions—of air!

Mrs. G.: Oh, aviation! I suppose he's quite distinguished.

Mrs. C.: I remember now that I saw a notice of her marriage in a Vancouver paper several years ago; Danbury Rodd, I think, her husband's name is.

Mrs. G.: He's quite noted.

Mrs. C.: Yes. Now here's something more. They make explorations together in the far South. (Business of mirror. Apparition in Esquimaux costume.)

Mrs. G.: Mercy! They must be exploring around the South Pole. I hope Muriel likes it better than I should. Here is Ethel Weeks' page; I couldn't find it at first. (Business of horoscope.)

Mrs. C.: She gives herself up to religion; goes in for nursing; is sent on a mission to a country far away to the west.

Mrs. G.: China, I suppose, or Japan.

Mrs. C.: Philippines, maybe. I hope it's Japan. She seems to have

charge of some large institution; a hospital, I suppose.

Mrs. G.: How I should love to see her! (Business of mirror. Apparition in garb of "White Sister.")

Mrs. C.: Well, that never would do for me!

Mrs. G.: But how happy and peaceful she looked. Bess, I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed all this. I must hurry off now, for it's getting late. Can't you come out for a week end with us soon, so that we can have a good long talk over old times?

Mrs. C.: Yes, I think I can, and I shall be delighted.

Mrs. G.: A week from Saturday, then, and I'll call for you in the car. Good-bye.

Mrs. C.: Good-bye.

(Curtain.)

THE SENIOR PLAY

A large audience gathered in the study hall on Saturday evening, June 4, to witness the performance of the Senior play, "A Box of Monkeys," by Grace Furniss.

SYNOPSIS

The first act opens in the drawing-room of Mrs. Onego Thone's Fifth Avenue residence. Sierra Bengaline, a western girl and a niece of Mrs. Thones, has been sent east by her father to separate her from her impecunious lover, Edward Ralston. While abroad Mrs. Thones has made the acquaintance of the Dowager Countess of Paynaught and her daughter, Lady Guinevere Llandpoore, and has asked Lady Guinevere to come for a visit. Lady Guinevere arrives but at a most inopportune time, as the Thones household has suddenly been bereft of servants. Ralston, who has followed Sierra to New York and is making a surreptitious call on her, is mistaken by Lady Guinevere and later by Mrs. Thones for the new butler. In the midst of the confusion, Chauncey Oglethorpe, Ralston's partner in an unsuccessful gold mine and a cousin to Lady Guinevere, appears and he, in turn, is taken for the expected new butler by Sierra. He manages to introduce himself to Mrs. Thones, who welcomes him with open arms as a cousin of the Earl of Paynaught.

Act II. adds further to the laughter as Ralston shows Oglethorpe, who is an extremely bashful Englishman, how to propose to Lady Guinevere. Sierra and Lady Guinevere then come in and a game of charades is proposed, the word "Matrimony" being worked out. At this point Mrs. Thones appears and is disgusted to think that her niece and aristocratic guests are so familiar with the butler, but when his true identity is discovered, she is delighted to meet him, as she has received a letter

from her brother saying that a rich vein has been struck in Ralston's gold mine and all objections to the engagement and marriage are at an end. The curtain falls as Mrs. Thones is blessing the two couples.

The cast was as follows:

Edward Ralston, a promising young American, half owner of the
Sierra Gold Mine Ethel Levin
Chauncey Oglethorpe, his partner, second son of Lord Doncaster...
..... Muriel Wilkenson
Mrs. Ondego Thones, an admirer of rank..... Ruth Foss
Sierra Bengaline, her niece, a prairie rose..... Hazel Small
Lady Guinevere Llandpoore, an English primrose, daughter of the
Earl of Paynaught Lydia Lowell

The characters were well taken. Hazel Small was admirable in her part as Sierra and entered into it with dash and spirit from the very first. Ethel Levin's interpretation of the part of her lover, Edward Ralston, was splendid. Lydia Lowell, in the part of the prim English girl, and Muriel Wilkenson, in the part of the shy lover, were simply convulsing. Both parts were difficult to interpret, but they sustained their characterizations perfectly. Ruth Foss, with her tall, stately carriage, gave much dignity to the part of Mrs. Ondego Thones.

The play was given before a large, appreciative audience and the players well deserved the rounds of applause which they received.

The play was given under the direction of Miss Paula Frahm and Miss Ruth Guppy.

TREE SPEECH

It is a long established custom of Class Day that the departing class plant a tree or shrub, in order to leave behind it a pleasant memento of itself.

The class of 1910 has chosen for its emblem the rhododendron, our State flower. We hope that it will grow to be a large and handsome shrub, and that in years to come it can be pointed out as a symbol of 1910's love and loyalty to the A. W. S.

The mysterious spell which has seemed laid upon class trees in years gone by, the weird doom which has brought their young lives to an untimely end, is a thing of the past; the spell is broken. We have only to look at Naughty Nine's triumphant exulting white lilac to be sure of that. So it is with a happy confidence that we leave our rhododendron in your care, '11, and beg of you to watch over it tenderly in our stead, so that it may live and beautify these grounds.

Thanking you all for your kind attention, we will now proceed to plant our tree.

PRESENTATION OF THE SPADE BY ETHEL LEVIN

So now that the great day is here we Seniors have a tinge of sadness in our hearts at leaving the dear old school. But as we look around us and see the next class eagerly waiting to step into our shoes and the blooming ranks of undergraduates, we give our emotions pause, while we offer you a little friendly counsel.

Through four long years of misunderstanding and silent endurance, we have patiently waited for this heart-to-heart talk. We should like to take this time and speak of ourselves—a most worthy topic. But do not be alarmed! We know that you have come to listen to the sound of your own praises and we gladly undertake to show you exactly what you are.

You, Freshmen, green as all Freshies are, are a fine class, generally speaking. Your spirit is unlimited, but why all this seriousness?—remember that you have three long, hard years before you ere you reach your goal, so don't look at the intermediates as inferior beings, for next year they will fill your shoes and conflicts may arise. Bear in mind this one thing—do not fight among yourselves, for that is a hard element to overcome and one which is the quickest to break up a class.

And now we turn our attention to the champions of the school, the Sophomores. As yet you have taken your victories modestly and we hope you will continue to do so. We are proud to think that our sister class will have the place of honor on the loving-cup. Good luck to you in the future, and we hope that you will keep up the good work.

To the Juniors we must say that you have done nobly so far. The Hyak has been a brilliant success and too much credit cannot be given you. With all our hearts we bequeath to you our Senior privileges and may you enjoy them. Last of all, it is with much pleasure, intermingled with deep regret, that I anticipate relinquishing to you the custody of this dear and most zealously guarded spade, which has been a traditional symbol of this school since its foundation, twenty-six years ago. We will lay it away for you in the securest place we can find, that it may not disappear or come to harm during the long summer months, and also in order that your energy and resourcefulness may have the test of an arduous search next fall. May success crown your efforts, and may you make a record for yourselves only second to that of your illustrious predecessors.

Worthy President, and members of the Class of 1911, after you have found the sacred spade, guard it well, for remember it is a treasured relic of our school custom. It bears the colors of all the classes that have been graduated from this school, and about it clusters countless

memories. So, as we, the Class of 1910, release all claim to the relic, after you have found it for yourselves and when it is yours, may you always guard it well.

ACCEPTANCE OF THE SPADE

By Rowine Kellogg

And we, the Juniors, in our turn, thank you, 1910, for your kind words and praises, and we fully appreciate the value and strength of your motherly advice, which we certainly shall endeavor to follow to some extent.

For three long years we have noticed the pride with which this spade has been presented, received, and afterwards found, and called it conceit, but, now that we have reached the time when we, ourselves, are about to receive it, and fully understand and appreciate its value, we, too, have begun to feel that same pride, which even the mention of the spade seems to suggest to those who have been fortunate enough to obtain it.

And now we wish to subdue your fears and anxiety concerning its protection by promising to guard it as carefully as it can possibly be guarded, as soon as we find it, until which time we feel certain it will be perfectly secure in the resting-place which you provide.

And, last of all, it is with much joy that we extend our heartiest thanks to you and your honored president for the kind and friendly manner in which you have presented the spade to us, and we wish to assure you that with such an example before us as you have set, we cannot possibly fail to locate the hiding-place of this treasure in so short a time as to make an honorable place for ourselves on the roll of illustrious finders of the spade.

EIGHTH GRADE COMMENCEMENT

On Saturday, June 4, the first Eighth Grade Commencement was held in the study hall of the Seminary. The room was very prettily and attractively decorated in pennants of the class colors, maroon and white. The back of the stage was banked with greens in the center of which was a large white square upon which were placed the numerals, '10, in maroon. The young graduates dressed in white and each carrying a long-stemmed American Beauty rose made a very charming picture.

The programme of the day was as follows:

Salutatory	Lena Jenott
Arabesque—Wrangell	Florence Schultz
Class History	Pearl Tweeden
Military March—Schubert	Ruth Carlson, Bernice Phillips
Presentation of Class Memorial	Janie Dow
Acceptance	Bishop Keator
Adoration—Borowski	Lydia Lowell
Class Prophecy	Elizabeth McLean
A la Bien Aimée—Ed Schutt.....	Ruth La Forge
Bequest to Seventh Grade	Genevieve Burmingham
Acceptance	Ruth La Forge
Valedictory	Mary Tarbell

CHORUSES

- | | |
|----------------------|---------|
| (a) Violets | Cowen |
| (b) Merry June | Vincent |

THE JUNE RECITAL

The recital this year was a great success. Every girl has put her whole heart into her work and thus progress in the musical department has been wonderful.

In charge of this department are the Misses Vera Bajohr, Mae B. MacKenzie, Charlotte Harnish and Professor Olof Bull.

A great deal has been accomplished in the piano department, the advanced pupils have prepared a great many difficult selections from the works of eminent composers, while the younger girls have made noticeable progress.

Professor Bull's pupils also in violin have done creditable work so that all in all the school has a right to be proud of the musical department.

Miss Harnish has been here only since Christmas but her pupils have shown the result of careful training in their work. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Gavotte | Handel |
| | Alita Eames |
| 2. Prelude | Rachmaninoff |
| | Helen Kempinsky |
| 3. (a) A May Morning | L. Denza |
| (b) Matinatta | Tosti |
| | Ethel Norman |

4. Duo I. op. 48 for 2 violins Pleyel
Lydia Lowell, Adelaide Young
5. (a) Madrigal Rogers
(b) Hark, Hark the Lark Schubert-Liszt
Ruth La Forge
6. Valse Brilliante op. 34 Chopin
Ethel Norman
7. Suite for violin Ries
Mary Swearingen
8. (a) At Parting Rogers
(b) June Beach
Helen Davies
9. Sparks Moszkowski
Alita Eames
10. Overture, Poet and Peasant Von Suppé
Ethel Norman, Miss Bajohr, Ruth La Forge, Alita Eames

PART II.

Chorus

- (a) An Irish Folk Song Arthur Foote
- (b) Carmina H. Lane Wilson

THE JUNE BALL

All the girls have worked hard this year to avoid being put on the "black list," for "three times and but" was the rule and anyone who had been listed three times could not go to the ball.

And surely the party compensated for all the hard work.

The gymnasium was trimmed with palms, ferns and flowers, while the dainty gowns worn by the girls added to the effectiveness of the decorations. Good music and pleasant partners, the fact that the examinations were over and home so near, all had their effect. Is it any wonder that all forgot how tired they were beforehand, and entered most heartily into the enjoyment of the fine reward for the year's work?

Needless to say, though the girls were tired, all were sorry when at twelve o'clock the music ceased.

PROGRAM, COMMENCEMENT MORNING, JUNE 9, 1910

- Processional Hymn 311
1. (a) Polonaise, a major Chopin
(b) Sparks Moszkowski
Alita Eames

- | | | |
|----|---|-----------------------|
| 2. | (a) The World Is Full of April | Clough-Leighton |
| | (b) Since First I Met Thee | Anton Rubinstein |
| | (c) An Open Secret | R. Huntington Woodman |
| | Miss Harnish | |
| 3. | Address | |
| | Bishop Keator | |
| 4. | Valse Paraphrase d'Après Chopin, pr. Two Pianos | Schutt |
| | Miss Bajohr, Miss MacKenzie | |
| 6. | Presentation of Diplomas | |
| | Collects | |
| | Benediction | |
| | Recessional | Hymn 522 |

SCHOOL CALENDAR FOR 1909-10

September—

- 8—School opened.
13—Rebecca didn't go to see Miss McGraw.
15—Finding of Spade.
24—Senior party.

October—

- 7—First Basket-ball game.
9—Selma did not receive a box of candy from Fritz.
16—Fish pond given by Juniors to help along heathen of the A. W. S.

November—

- 5—Leone didn't know her Latin.
26—Katie took a bath.
30—Junior Prom. for the fifth grade.

December—

- 10—Rebecca didn't stay to dinner at the Seminary.
14—A feast given by Ethel W. in honor of Andrew. The event took place in the laundry.

January—

- 28—Bessie Eckert went home to the funeral of her beloved cat, Jack.
29—Miss Seeber was on time to breakfast.
30—Rowine studied her English.

February—

- 17—Winifred, Leone and Mary Louise took a short vacation on account of ill health.
25—Addie didn't get a special delivery.
29—Harriet forgot her troubles.

March—

- 21—Bernice began lessons in steering an auto under directions of
"From One Who Loves, Walty McCullough."

- 25—Katherine S. much hurt by the fact that on her way home from Prairie H. Davies did not see her. Helen was deep in a study of (hot) air brakes.

April—

- 1—Mary Louise spoke a whole sentence in German at German table.
- 2—Leone returned home accompanied by K. Simpson. We were all pleased that they had so little trouble in starting, as Leone, for some unseen reason, preferred to travel in a different car from K. Simpson.
- 3—Miss Fitch did not attend church.
- 7—First quarrel between Leone and Katherine at Prairie. Each in turn locked the other out of doors. A new salt lake was formed as result of Leone's tears.
- 14—Selma returned to school after her extra vacation of three days. We were all glad to see that she had entirely recovered from the severe attack of brain fever caused by over-study during Easter vacation.

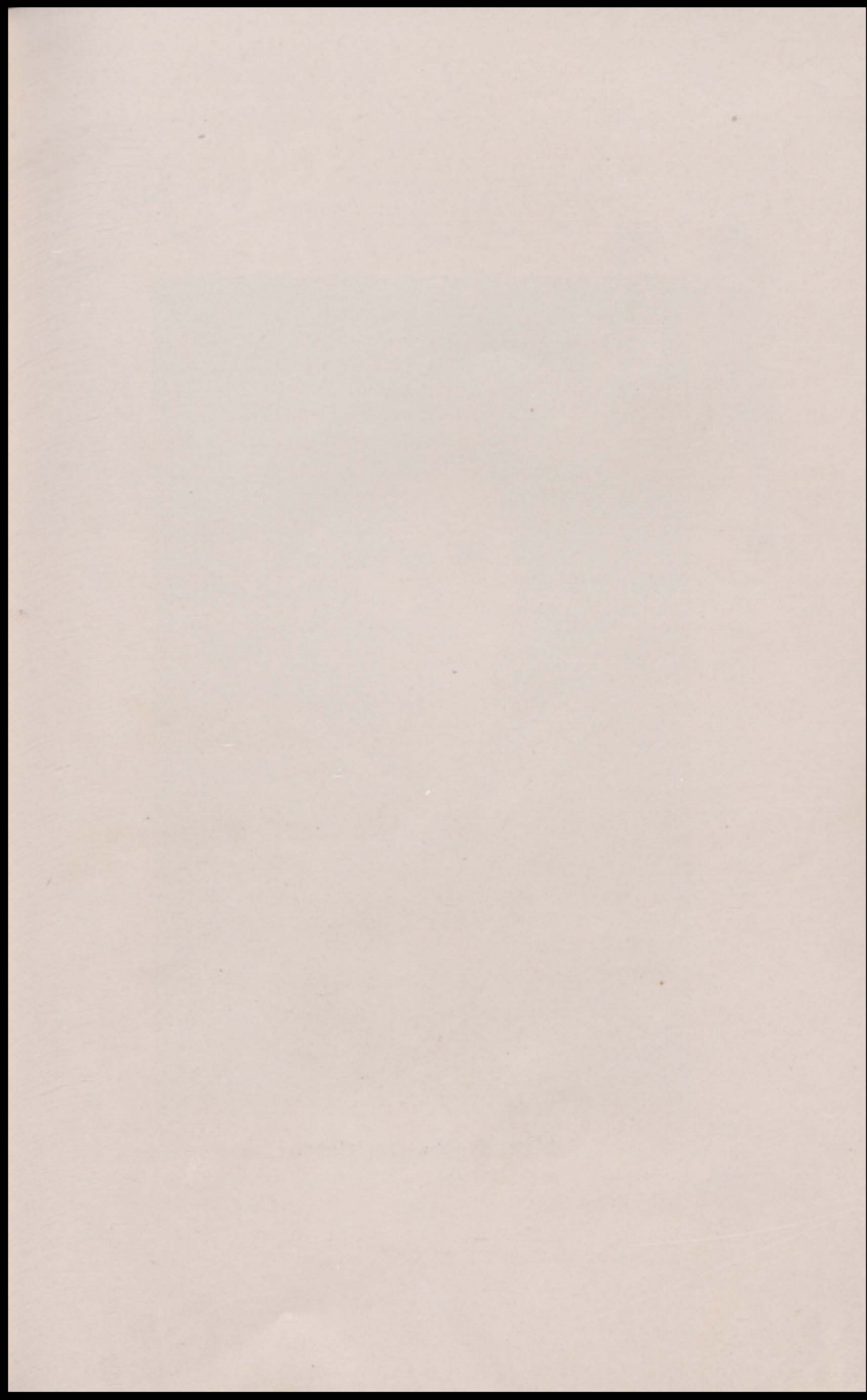
May—

- 5—Strawberry shortcake diet started.
- 9—All Hyak material in on time (?).
- 7—Mary Tarbell gave a party for the eighth grade.
- 13—School picnic on 15th and the Freshmen are to be congratulated on their splendid yells.
- 17—Leone didn't get a mark.
- 21—Bessie Eckert's brother visited her.

June—

- 2—Corinne took Sadie autoing.







Miss Frahm, Our Coach

ATHLETICS—



The interest and enthusiasm shown in gymnasium work and athletics this year has been delightful, and I am sure that we all realize that such an exhibition as was given Field Day can be achieved only through regular, hard, conscientious work. The girls well deserved the appreciation which they received, for their class work has been excellent. The winners of the races deserve much credit, and another year we hope that we may do more with the running. In particular the interest and spirit in basket-ball has been splendid. The seventh and eighth grade teams were made up of plucky girls and both teams played a fine game for the Grade Championship. The Freshman team had great possibilities, but did not start practicing in time to make a good showing. The Sophomores and Juniors had the strongest teams in the school and did splendid work. Keep up the good work, girls, and next year let us have four strong teams contesting for championship.

In regard to bowling, our scores have not come up to our expectations, but with improved alleys and new balls, I am sure we shall renew our interest and make a fine record the coming year. The interest in tennis is good, but we want more enthusiasm. I hope all the girls who are interested will keep up their practice during the summer so that we may have a hotly contested tournament in September.

Best of all, we are proud to say that it means a great deal to be on the Athletic honor roll. In order to attain this honor the girls this year have done good work. Next year let us raise the standard and do the best work of which we are capable. Then the honor roll will include every girl in the school. Work for it, girls! You will find it worth while.

PAULA FRAHM.

There is not very much to say about basket-ball in this, the last number of this year's Hyak. Not counting the three or four preliminary games, which are very minutely described hereafter, there have not been many games played since Easter. All the five teams practiced very faithfully in preparation for the great Field Day championship game.

Dorothy Atkinson, usually the Sophomore center, has been playing forward, and Corinne Doud, one of the Freshmen forwards, was changed to a guard, in which part she made a hit. All of the girls wish to thank Miss Frahm for the fine spirit and energy with which she has safely piloted us through all the little misunderstandings incident to the games.

Since Field Day tennis has been taken up very enthusiastically by a great number of the girls. Owing to the number of beginners, Miss Frahm gave up the idea of the tournament in June, but it will be held during the first week in October. Rowine Kellogg, who is in charge, has scheduled the girls for play so that everybody seems contented.

The girls in the grades are very busy with croquet under the able direction of Fritz Keator.

A. YOUNG, '11.

SEMI-FINALS

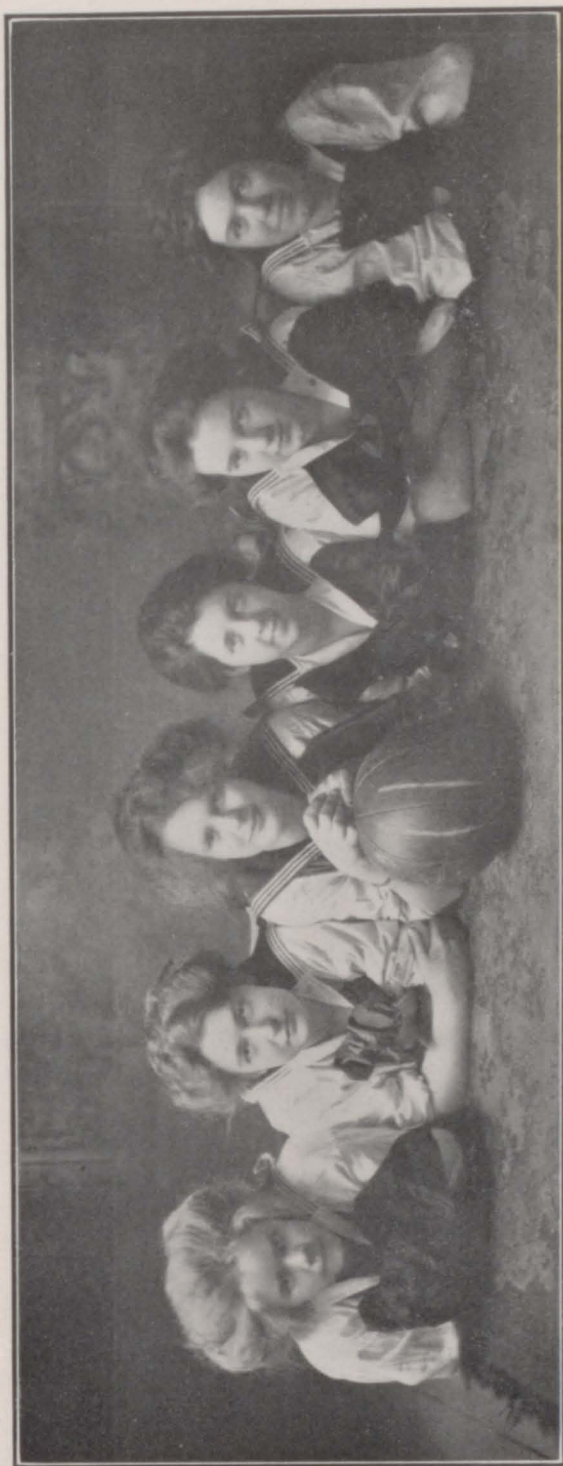
Great was the interest and the enthusiasm shown in the preliminary basket-ball games, played throughout the school year, that were to give the necessary practice to the trial games. But when the day on which the teams were to play for the trophy finally came the spirit was felt by the whole school.

It was on Saturday, the 22nd of April, that the Freshmen, led by Lulu Clay, appeared in the gymnasium to meet the Juniors, whose captain was Adelaide Young. The lineup was as follows:

Freshmen.		Juniors.
M. Scott	guard.....	R. Kellogg
L. Clay	guard.....	A. Eames
W. Jenott	center.....	B. Eckert
K. Simpson	forward.....	E. Greenfield
C. Doud	forward.....	R. Stevenson

The captains shook hands, the whistle blew, and in a moment all else was forgotten but interest in the game. The girls all went into it with vim and dash and almost immediately a basket was made, the Juniors being the successful scorers. The Freshmen, however, were not far behind and when time was called for the first half the Freshmen had the advantage.

In the second half the fight continued, the Freshmen working their



The Junior Team



The Sophomore Team

very hardest. The Juniors, whose spirit equaled that of the Freshmen, were the older and more experienced team of the two and with their good team work they were able to make one more point than their opponents and the game closed with a score of 9-8.

The following Wednesday the game between the Sophomores and Freshmen took place with the following lineup:

Sophomores.	Freshmen.
K. McRae	guard..... L. Clay
M. Drew	guard..... C. Doud
M. Kellogg	center..... W. Jenott
D. Atkinson	forward..... K. Simpson
M. L. Simpson	forward..... I. Short

Nothing daunted at their first defeat, the Freshmen went into the second game determined to do their best. Their best was much to their credit, but again the older team won; the score being 13-3.

FIELD DAY

The Field Day exercises which took place on the 30th of April marked the close of the athletic work for the year.

At 9:30 a. m. the girls assembled at the side of the gymnasium and marched in, dressed in their uniforms of middy blouses and bloomers. Then the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th grades gave a dumbbell drill, led by Elizabeth McLean. Next came a wand drill by the academic department, led by Rebecca Stevenson. The third number was a Swedish dance, by the grades. Fourth came the rhythm work by the academic department, and, fifth, a Dutch dance by all the grades, led by Vernita Swezea and Helen Roberts. This was followed by a shoemaker's dance and the oxdans. Sixth was the Indian club swinging by the academic department. After that part of the program was over, the interclass races took place outdoors; the results of which were as follows:

Fifth Grade—Mary Woods, first; Helen Roberts, second.

Sixth Grade—Gladys Wiggins, first; Lelah Renau, second.

Seventh Grade—Florence Schultz, first; Bessie Eckert, second.

Eighth Grade—Bernice Phillips, first; Leone Sweet, second.

Freshmen—Irene Short, first; Lulu Clay, second.

Sophomores—Marion Kellogg, first; Carlesta Overmeyer, second.

Juniors—R. Stevenson, first; A. Eames, second.

Seniors—H. Small, first; E. Eaton, second.

Interclass Championship—H. Small, academic department; G. Wiggins, grades.

Bowling Championship—D. Atkinson, first; K. McRae, second.

Each of these girls won a blue ribbon with her class numerals and the date printed in gold upon it, and there were special ribbons for the

academic and grade championships.

In the afternoon the different classes had a gala parade, appearing in various costume. The youngest in the school, five of them, led the way into the gymnasium and after the grand march stepped forward and in very impressive tones said:

“We are the fifth grade,
We’re not slow.
We’re like Tacoma—
Watch us grow.”

Next came the sixth grade, arrayed in Indian blankets and war paint. The sevenths followed as circus clowns, the eighths were minstrels. The Freshmen were the most aspiring. They represented dignified students, in cap and gown, and after giving the class yell dropped to their knees and bowed their heads to the ground. To the surprise of all it was noticed that each mortar board was adorned with a letter and when the spectators saw that the word “Freshmen—13” had been cleverly carried out, they broke into loud applause. The Juniors, led by Helen Davies, were a German band. The Sophomores represented little children, and the Seniors came last, wearing their class colors. The false faces and the absurd costumes made much merriment, but when the whistle blew for the first half of the basket-ball game, the floor was cleared and the keen interest of the 200 spectators was proved by their silence. The first game was between the 7th and 8th grades for the grade championship of the year. The playing that followed was a credit to the players and to the coach, for full teams had not been organized until late in the year. However, with the following girls two full teams were made up:

Seventh.	Eighth.
Katherine White	forward. Bernice Phillips
B. Eckert	forward. R. Carlson
R. La Forge	center. Janie Dow
Florence Schultz	guard. Lena Jenott
Helen Rogers	guard. Gladys Doud

The younger girls showed the same eagerness that had been exhibited on former occasions. They played their game carefully, making few fouls and doing good work at the baskets. After twenty minutes of hard work in the two halves, the eighth grade showed their superiority, winning by a score of 9 to 7.

A large blue banner with the class numerals of the winners, and the name of the event in yellow letters upon it, was presented as a prize for the grade championship.

Then followed the game between the Sophomores and the Juniors, which was most eagerly contested. The two teams were well matched

in every respect. The play of both centers was splendid and the girls did their very best. At the end of the first half, however, the Sophomores had an advantage of one point. The Juniors worked well in the second half, but the Sophomores had gained confidence in themselves and the game ended with a victory of 12-7 in their favor.

After the cheering had subsided, Bishop Keator presented Dorothy Atkinson, as captain of the victorious team, with a beautiful silver cup which was to be entrusted to her charge until the following year. "But," he said, "there is one thing that is better than being a good winner and that is being a good loser." Then he congratulated the losers on the good spirit shown on the field that day.

CLASS YELLS

Fifth Grade

We're the fifth grade,
We're not slow;
We're like Tacoma,
Watch us grow!

Sixth Grade

Zip boom zee!
Boom-a-la see!
We are the sixth
Of the Sem-in-ar-ie.
Zip boom zee!
Sixth!

Seventh Grade

If you want to see good play,
Just you watch and see.
Who? We.
The seventh grade of the Sem-in-ar-ie.

Eighth Grade

19—19—1914,
Who're you going to yell for?
Who're you going to bet for?
Eighth grade!

Freshmen

F-r-e-s-h-i-e;
That's the way you spell it,
This is the way you yell it,
Fresh-men!

Sophomore

Are we the Sophomores!
We-e-ell, I guess.
We are the champions of the
A.—W.—S.!

Junior

1911! Hoorah, hoorah!
Will we win?
Well, I guess;
We're the Juniors of the A. W. S.
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Senior

Rickety, rickety, rickety rack,
We're the bunch that have the knack.
Lickety, lickety, lickety lack,
We're the ones that never slack.
Who? Seniors!



Society

Miss Stevenson and Miss Chambers delightfully entertained a few members of the Junior class, Miss Roach, Miss Robb, Miss Young, Miss Brockman and Miss Kellogg, with an after-theater supper party, Friday evening (?), May 20, in one of the most charming luncheon rooms of the Annie Wright Seminary. The walls were enchantingly decorated with trunks, and boxes were scattered here and there in artistic profusion. There were intervals between the arrival of the guests owing to disturbances caused by the faculty, but all unpleasant memories were soon dispelled by the entrancing musical strains from the hidden Rat Orchestra and the sweet chords of the Cigar Band.

Miss Chambers wore a sky blue gown of lobster cloth and carried a can opener and a bucket of queen olives.

Miss Stevenson's gown was a fairylike creation in green and gold, lately imported from Steilacoom. She carried a shower bouquet of knives and forks.

Miss Young was clad in a garment fashioned in the kimono style now so much in favor, over a robe of purest white. A chain of doughnuts adorned her graceful throat.

A French creation of burlap, made with a storm collar and puff sleeves, set off the lines of Miss Brockman's dainty figure, and a loose knot of sardine sandwiches enhanced her beauty.

Miss Robb wore a charming frock cut from a Navajo blanket and an attractive new switch. Her attire was completed by a large angel food cake and a few choice nuts.

Miss Roach's costume was a soothing combination of yellow, dotted with pink and a bow of green at her corsage.

Miss Kellogg wore a chic gown of chantieler red bunting and her own hair. She carried a cluster of small sofa pillows.

The delightful refreshments dispensed by the fascinating hostesses consisted of sardine tails, butter, bread crumbs, nutted salt, olive seeds and devilish ham.

After the supper, part of the morning was spent in admiring the mural decorations, but owing to the frigid condition of Miss Chambers' pedal extremities, the party dispersed earlier in the day than had been anticipated.

All the guests will always be grateful to Miss Chambers and Miss Stevenson for one of the most delightful occasions of their lives.

At the Field Day dinner given on April 30 the contesting teams were seated at a long table in the center of the dining room, at which

Miss Frahm and Miss Fitch presided. Mrs. Keator was the only guest of honor, as the Bishop had been called away.

The color scheme carried out the colors of the two classes, green and gold, and green and white. In the center of the table was the loving cup which was presented by the Bishop to the winning team, and directly over it was suspended the basket ball with the colors of the two teams.

Miss Frahm acted as Toastmistress and introduced a number of clever toasts which are given in full on a subsequent page, but perhaps the one which was received with the heartiest applause was the toast which Miss Fitch gave to Miss Frahm, in which she said that she had not realized that so much spirit and enthusiasm as had been shown could be aroused in the school, and that it was entirely due to Miss Frahm.

TOASTS FROM THE FIELD DAY BANQUET

Katie McRae's to Dorothy Atkinson:

"A tall girl, sun crowned, who lives above the clouds in public doing and in private thinking."

Rebecca Stevenson's to Adelaide Young:

"Here's to the girl who's good and sweet,
Here's to the girl who's game and true,
Here's to the girl who rules our team,
In others words, here's to you.

Adelaide Young's to the team of 1912:

"To play and to win is the best thing,
To play and to lose is the next best."

Dorothy Atkinson's to the team of 1911:

"Here's to the team girls of 1911,
Beloved of earth and favored by Heaven,
With more than an ordinary share of good looks,
With almost a sharklike devotion to books,
With jolly old hearts, that never were lighter,
And a gameness that makes them very good fighters,
Here's wishing them luck—the vanquished sinners,
If it hadn't been for us they might have been the winners."

Rowine Kellogg's to the Bishop and Mrs. Keator:

"But let us drink a merry toast,
Let us drink it now and here;
To the Bishop, our absent guest,
And his wife, to him so dear,
And to this loving cup which shall be our boast,
In every future year."

Mary Louise Simpson's to Miss Fitch:

"Here's to Miss Fitch—
Our timekeeper, our lineman,
Our scorekeeper and our referee."

Edith Greenfield's to Miss Frahm:

"Let us toast our coach, Miss Frahm, who deserves the high commendation, true applause, and love which she has won."

Marion Kellogg's to Miss Frahm:

"Miss Frahm—the steel true and the blade straight."

Miss Frahm's toasts to the girls:

"Here's to Dorothy, our captain,
Who with all we do agree;
Is fair and tall and slender,
And as calm as the deep blue sea.

"Here's to our dear Addie,
Who is happy as the sun,
And has always a smile for someone,
Whether the game is lost or won.

"Here's to dear old Katie,
Who at times seems rather slow,
But she's there with kind words and spirit,
And without her the game wouldn't go.

"Here's to Dorothy, our substitute,
Whom we all love very dear;
May she ever be as faithful
As she's been throughout the year.

"Here's to tall, graceful Mary,
The girl with the beautiful name,
May she ever be as dependable
As she is in a basket-ball game.

"Here's to Mary Louisa,
Who says such funny things;
But she's seriousness every minute,
When the ball to Dorothy she flings.

"Here's to Rebecca, our red top;
With determination to burn,
And although she has a temper,
For her endless spirit we all yearn.

"Here's to Edith, our blondie,
Whom we all love very dear;
And we all do regret most sincerely,
That she won't be with us next year.

"Here's to Rowine, our leader,
In meetings and Indian clubs, too;
May she always keep her good nature,
And in every endeavor pull through.

"Here's to Lotus, our dreamer,
But not on the basket-ball field;
For there she fights and struggles,
And even makes Mary Louise yield.

"Here's to tall, graceful Fanny,
Who has given herself a new name;
Although we all love her as Marion,
We hope it may bring her much fame.

"Here's to Alita so strong,
Here's to our guard to the right;
Although she's not been with us long,
She has put up a mighty good fight.

"Here's to the school and the teachers,
Here's to the spirit that whirls,
Here's to Miss Fitch and the Bishop,
And here's to my Basket-ball girls."

Thursday, June 2, the Athletic Banquet took place at the Tacoma Hotel, with Miss Fitch as hostess, and Bishop and Mrs. Keator and Miss Frahm as guests of honor. Those present were: Dorothy Atkinson, Ruth Carlson, Helen Davies, Janie Dow, Edith Eaton, Bessie Eckert, Edith Greenfield, Selma Hanson, Theresa Holmes, Lena Jenott, Winifred Jenott, Rowine Kellogg, Marion Kellogg, Ruth La Forge, Rebecca Stevenson, Elizabeth McLean, Edna Roach, Francis Root, Irene Short, Hazel Small, Mary Tarbell, Muriel Wilkinson and Adelaide Young, Katie McRae.

DELTA PI SORORITY

Friday, April 15, Adelaide Young, Rowine Kellogg, Edna Roach and Rebecca Stevenson were formally pledged to the Delta Pi Sorority. They performed the tasks given them faithfully and the following week went through the public initiation. Saturday, April 23, they were given the final tests and admitted to full standing in the Sorority. After the business had been transacted, delightful refreshments were served by Ruth Foss and Ethel Weeks, thus ending very pleasantly the dreaded week of initiation.

Saturday evening, May 21, the Delta Pi Sorority held its final meeting of the year and elected the officers for the following one. The election resulted as follows: President, Rebecca Stevenson; Vice-President, Adelaide Young; Secretary, Dora Willoughby; Treasurer, Edna Roach.

The members of the Sorority for 1910 are: Laura Stever, '10; Ethel Levin, '10; Ruth Foss, '10; Mary Swearingen, '10; Ethel Weeks, '10; Harriet Andrews, '10; Muriel Wilkinson, '10; Edith Eaton, '10; Rowine Kellogg, '11; Hazel Small, '10; Sadie Ramsay, '10; Catherine Hill, '10; Edna Roach, '11; Lydia Lowell, '10; Lorraine Page, '10; Adelaide Young, '11; Rebecca Stevenson, '11; Bessie Knettle, '10; Jessie Hatch, '10, and Dora Willoughby, '11.

The annual Sorority Luncheon, given by the Seniors to the Juniors of the Sorority, took place May 28, at the Tacoma Hotel. Several Alumnae members attended, besides the two classes and Miss Fitch and Bishop Keator, the guests of honor. The table was charmingly decorated and the luncheon enjoyed by all.

The Senior class very pleasantly entertained the Faculty at a tea on Friday afternoon, April 29.

The Faculty gave the Seniors a jolly good time at American Lake on Saturday, May 7. The afternoon was spent in rowing, and at six o'clock a delightful picnic supper was spread. An hour was passed in rowing after supper, and then a large bon-fire was built on the beach and the remainder of the evening was spent in singing and story telling around the fire. Everyone was sorry to hear the nine o'clock car pull in, for it brought the realization that one of the pleasantest days of all the year was at its close. The happy recollections of this day will long remain in the memories of the Seniors.

The Misses Ethel Levin, Ethel Weeks and Ruth Foss entertained the Seniors with a tally-ho party to American Lake on Saturday, May

14. A most delicious picnic dinner was served at half-past one. The day was spent in boating, and the party returned to Tacoma about eight o'clock. The Seniors will long remember how delightfully these girls can entertain. The chaperones were Miss Fitch, Mrs. Levin, Mrs. Foss and Mrs. Weeks.

On Saturday, May 21, Miss Harriet Andrews and Miss Mersadis Ramsay entertained the members of the Senior class with a delightful luncheon in the Viking room at the Hotel Tacoma. The table was exceptionally charming in red roses, carnations and snowballs. At each plate was a neat little souvenir in the form of a place card with a small Dutch boy and girl on it. The guests of honor were Miss Fitch, Miss Frahm and Miss Bajohr.

Friday eve, May 20, the Seniors gave a most enjoyable theater party to see "The Prince of Tonight," complimentary to the Junior class. The comedy was delightful, so were the hostesses. The Juniors wish to thank the Seniors for one of the pleasantest evenings of the year.

Miss McGraw and Miss Seeber entertained the Sophomores on Friday evening, May 27, the main feature of the evening being a Sense Party. A table on which were a number of different articles was brought into the room and the girls were told that they could look at these things for three minutes. Then when the table had been taken out again they were asked to write down the names of as many things as they could remember. Then a number of things were given them to be smelled. They had to guess what each was. Then different fabrics were brought forth after the girls had been blindfolded; these they had to feel and then guess. The prizes were in the form of sweets.

On the 14th of May the Sophomore class gave a "midnight spread" for their basket-ball team. At ten o'clock the girls gathered in the Annex and sat down to a perfect feast of sandwiches, olives, pickles, lemonade, cake, and sherbert. Although the girls were hungry as bears, they simply could not eat all that had been provided. All during the spread the girls opened mottoes and the noise of the snappers was heard all through the evening. After the girls had finished eating, all adjourned to the Girls' Parlor, where ghost stories were told around a grate fire until time to go to bed.

The Juniors were delightfully entertained on Saturday evening, May 28, by Miss McGraw and Miss Leeber. This was called a Telegram Party. Each girl was given a blank of ten letters, and an attractive

prize was given for the cleverest telegram. Later refreshments were served and all tramped off to bed, declaring that they had had a most enjoyable evening.

On May 21, Dorothy Atkinson gave a launch party for the girls on the Sophomore basket-ball team. Miss Frahm, the coach, was also one of the party.

They started at five o'clock, in the swift little launch "Slip Along," and dropped anchor across the bay. As soon as they landed they built a large bon-fire. After a fine supper, some of the party sat around the fire and sang, while others rowed on the bay, listening to the music. All too soon the time came to go home. The trip back across the bay in the moonlight was most enjoyable and all went home feeling that their evening was the best one they had ever had.

On Saturday evening, May 21, Miss McGraw and Miss Seeber entertained the Freshmen in the Girls' Parlor. We were all told to bring pencil and paper as there was to be an English examination. At eight o'clock we were all waiting anxiously to see what the questions would be. Miss McGraw dictated a story, "The Romance of a Shirtwaist," to us, leaving blank space for words which were to be filled in with parts of a shirtwaist. It was great fun to hear some of them read. We then passed our papers to each other for corrections. The least number of mistakes was three and the prize, a bunch of red carnations, was awarded to L. Clay. Refreshments were served about nine o'clock, after which we sat around the grate fire and talked until the lights out bell rang. We all had a most enjoyable time and were only too sorry that the evening had to come to an end.

Saturday, May 7, the eighth grade was entertained by Mary Tarbell at her home on Park Heights.

Games were played on the cool veranda. Among others were Telegrams, Bean Race, and the "Romance of a Shirtwaist." In the last Elizabeth MacLean was the most successful, and received a very pretty May basket.

Later, dainty refreshments were served in the dining room, which was decorated with the class colors, red and white.

After luncheon, the girls went into the hall, where a large Jack Horner Pie was placed on a table in the center of the room, from which each one drew a favor.

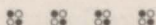
Soon after the girls trooped home, declaring they had passed a most delightful afternoon.

On the evening of May 19, Miss McGraw and Miss Seeber entertained the Eighth Grade in the Girls' Parlor with a "Physiology Test."

Each girl had been asked to bring pencil and paper, and when all had come, a set of questions was put on the board. These questions were to be answered by the names of parts of the body. There was much laughter over many of these questions and answers. One question which caused much debate was whether "Plenty of Assurance" meant "nerve" or "cheek."

The game was soon closed, as the girls were well prepared in Physiology.

Elizabeth MacLean received a "poster" diploma for the best standing. Refreshments were served later.



The annual school picnic was a grand success, even though it did take place on Friday, May 13. About 10:30 a special car came up to the school. Although the car was supposed to hold only eighty, everyone managed to make room for over one hundred on it; so there were no vacant seats and even elbow room was scarce. However, this only helped to make more fun and soon they were off for American Lake.

Nearly everyone wore "middy" shirts and little white duck hats, which had been decorated during the morning by various girls putting on their names or some nonsense. Each girl was armed with a bell or a horn and some even sought to vent their enthusiasm by pounding on frying pans. It is needless to say that we made a good deal of noise, and, without doubt, created some suspicions as to whether we were perfectly rational or not.

The members of each class sat together. The Seniors occupied the back of the car, which they decorated with an immense class pennant. Yells were given all the way out. Then when the girls could think of no more yells they amused themselves in giving the different advertisements as yells.

When the car reached the lake everyone made a wild rush for the boat-house and in fifteen minutes the lake was dotted with boatloads of girls.

About four o'clock light showers sent the more fearful ones in to seek shelter, but not until a real downpour came, at six o'clock, did the others put in an appearance. All gathered around the fire, but warmth wouldn't come, so an early start home was decided on. The rain was over by this time, and the ride back was glorious; songs were sung nearly all the way in, and every time the car stopped the school yell was given. By eight o'clock the Seminary was reached, and all agreed that the day had been one round of pleasure for everyone.

On the 23rd of April, Miss Drake chaperoned a launch party given by Messrs. Atkinson, Leahy, and Jones, in honor of Miss Molly Hanna. The launches left the Old Town dock about three o'clock. Upon reaching our destination, Brown's Point, we spent the time until lunch time in rowing and prowling around for flowers. Two of the girls wandered so far down the beach that they were unable to get back, on account of the tide, without the assistance of a rowboat and of two strange youths, who evidently had long been in the business of aiding damsels in distress. The swains properly disappeared after putting the maids ashore, and the girls said, "Never again." A delightful meal, punctuated with pebbles thrown into the lemonade, having been stowed away, a bear hunt was organized to hunt for the bear that one of the girls, in a fit of excitement, was sure she had seen. This caused a great deal of fun for every one. At dark bear-hunters and all came in off the water and, after eating most heartily again, we sat around an enormous fire and sang old songs. When the chaperone's watch pointed to midnight we left for town, having enjoyed ourselves immensely. Those invited from the Seminary besides Miss Drake were: Corinne Doud, Katie McRae, Edith Greenfield, Lotus Robb, Hazel Catching, Marion Kellogg, Addie Young, Rebecca Stevenson, Dorothy Atkinson, Rowine Kellogg, and Francis Root.

A number of the girls, chaperoned by Miss McGraw, have taken a cottage at American Lake and will spend the first week or two of their vacation there before returning to their homes. Those composing the prospective party are: Miss McGraw, Katie McRae, Hazel Catching, Frances Root, Rebecca Stevenson, Jean Howell, Lotus Robb and Hazel Chambers.

ALUMNAE BANQUET

At the invitation of the Seminary the thirteenth annual reunion of the Alumnae Association was held this year at the Seminary, Tuesday, June 7. At half-past twelve the members of the Alumnae Association, and their guests, the class of 1910, the Bishop, Miss Fitch and several members of the Faculty, sat down to a charming luncheon served in the dining room. The committee in charge of decorating the tables was Miss Nellie Eidemiller, '0; Miss Lura McFarlane, '0, and Miss Mae McCormack, '09, and the flowers and the place cards were all in accord with the time and the place.

Mrs. Albert C. Phillips, '8, extended a graceful welcome to the new members of the Association, to which Miss Ethel Levin, president of the class of 1910, made response. Bishop Keator made a short address, and various informal toasts enlivened the feast.

At the conclusion of the luncheon the company adjourned to the drawing room for a short business meeting, at which time a fine enlargement of Mrs. Raynor's latest photograph, suitably framed, was presented to the Seminary, to be hung in the drawing room. Mrs. C. D. Fratt, of Everett, first graduate of the Seminary, made the presentation. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and the tri-annual election of officers held. The Association now numbers one hundred and sixty-four graduates, scattered all over the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Alaska to Mexico. It is in a very flourishing condition, and the meeting just held proved to be one of the most enthusiastic of its existence.



Statistics of Class of 1910

NAME.	Description.	Occupation.	Ambition.
Edith Eaton	Idle	Ever eating	To be a kindergarten teacher.
Muriel Wilkenson	Straight hair	Singing Edith to sleep	To go to college.
Lydia Lowell	Large lady	Manager of Indianapolis.	To be a Fisher.
Katherine Hill	Lazy	Waiting for a new man	To get a diploma.
Ethel Levin	Slender	Calling class meetings	To become a Suffragette.
Ethel Weeks	Aggressive	Talking	To get rich.
Laura Stever	Dull	Studying	To get a (Bill)
Ruth Foss	Very short	Sorority cook	To be a society belle.
Hazel Small	Pale	Curling her bangs	To be an opera singer.
Jessie Hatch	Violet eyes	Getting short	To go to (two) "Miles."
Lorraine Page	French lady	Making up work	To be a milliner.
Bess Kettle	Blonde	Telling jokes	To be thin.
Mary Swearingen	More blonde	Playing violin at dances	To run an auto.
Sadie Ramsay	Red coat	Practicing	To adopt Miss Bajohr.
Harriet Andrews	Fuzzy hair	Collecting dues	To be an actress.

HARRIET ANDREWS, '10."

Senior Recommendations

WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Wellesley, Mass., 10:45 a. m., May 32, 1915.

Miss C. L. Fitch,
A. W. Seminary,
Tacoma, Wash.

Mary Swearingen, most efficient Latin scholar, well fitted for position in Seminary.

Wellesley.

"Main 685, please."

"Just a minute."

"Ah you theah, Miss Uhlin?"

"Yes, Ah'm heah."

"This is Miss Wilkinson, fohmally fwom the Seminawy. Miss Eaton desiahs a position in my bawding house as assistant bawding mistress."

"Ah'm not acquainted with huh, but Ah assuah you that anyone who has bawded at the Seminawy a yeah can bawd anywheah oh anybody."

"Ah do declah! that's wight! Ah nevah thought of that."

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Tacoma, Wn., April 40, 1915.

Mr. William Jones,
"Lazy S" Ranch,
Buckley, Wash.

Laura Stever, splendid cow puncher. Experience in punching transfers on street car line to South Prairie.

CORA L. FITCH,
ROWINE KELLOGG, '11.

Tacoma, Wn., June 8, 20.

Mary J. Holmes Book Company,
Steilacoom, Wash.

Dear Sir:

Miss Ethel Weeks, the lady mentioned in your letter of previous date, will make a splendid book agent, being a very talkative young lady with a convincing manner.

Any further information desired concerning her character, etc., will be given. Yours truly,

CORA L. FITCH.

Best Machines and Best Chauffeurs

MISS MERSADIS RAMSAY

Birmingham Garage

Joyville, Wn.

Agents for "Kissall" Car

Telephone Main 609

Pig Styes and Barns a Specialty

MISS JESSIE HATCH & CO.

House and Sign Painters

Brushville, Wn.

John D. Oil, Paints and Diamond Dyes Used

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Tacoma, Wn., 39th of April, 1914.

The Dime Museum,
Georgetown, Wn.

Lydia Lowell, splendid violinist. "She eats 'em alive."

Cora L. Fitch.

Murders and Crimes of Every Kind Detected Instantly

MISS CATHERINE HILL

Chief of Lady Police Force

Gig Harbor, Wn.

“Monarch” Clubs Used for Weapons

Tacoma, Wash., September 12, 1939.

Mme. B. Leacher,
Hair Dresser,
740 North Main St., City.

Dear Madam:

In reply to yours of the 18th inst. we beg to advise that Miss Bessie Knettle is most competent to fill the position which she desires in your establishment.

Trusting this information will be of service to you, I remain,
Yours truly,

CORA L. FITCH.

Tacoma, Wash., January 20, 1923.

L. M. B.,
Care of Matrimonial Bureau, City.

Gentlemen:

Yours of the 14th at hand, and in reply to same would state that Miss Ruth Foss will make a most excellent housewife, her specialty being cooking. Yours truly,

CORA L. FITCH.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Puyallup, Wash., Sept. 10, 1939.
4 P. X.

Mr. I. Chamberlain, Mgr. Grand Theatre,
Valley City, Wash.

Telegram received. Hazel Small, most accomplished singer and prize fighter. Wire immediately if more information desired.

C. C. HARNISH,
Mgr. Pantages, Puyallup.

New Invention in Sanitary Hats for Bald People—Guaranteed
to Prevent and Cure Baldness—Patent Applied for.

MILLE. L. C. PAGE

Non-Baldy Millinery Store

Sunnyside, Wn.

Latest Models in "Comet" Hats for Ladies

A New Style of Shorthand Taught on Short Notice in a
Short Time by a Short Teacher

MISS ETHEL LEVIN

Skinum Business College

Phone Short 108

Skinumville, Wn.

Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 13, 1913.

Mr. B. L. Smith, Mayor,
South Prairie, Wn.

Dear Sir:

In reply to your letter of the 4th inst. concerning the Bachelor Girls' Home, which you intend to establish, we have one young lady here, Miss Harriet Andrews, who would be most able to fulfil the position of mistress.

I shall be glad to give any other information that you desire concerning her character.

Yours sincerely,

CORA L. FITCH.



Election Returns of Class of 1910

1. Harriet Andrews Most shy (vely)
2. Sadie Ramsay Loveliest
3. Mary Swearingen "Frank" est
4. Edith Eaton "Green" est
5. Bessie Knettle Most Impervious to Jokes
6. Lydia Lowell Most Studious
7. Catherine Hill Crosses
8. Laura Stever Cruellest
9. Lorraine Page Perfect "Dick" ens
10. Ethel Levin Meekes
11. Muriel Wilkinson Boldest
12. Ethel Weeks Noisest
13. Jessie Hatch Most "Miles" Distant
14. Hazel Small Fondes of "Minor" Keyes
15. Ruth Foss Shortes

GOOD MANNERS AND GOOD FORM

Automobilists Stopping at a Tea-House

Is it considered in bad taste for a girl and a man to stop at a restaurant or tea-house when out motoring together alone?

BERNICE.

Yes; this is one of the occasions when "Miss Fitch" does not give her approval. She has many reasons. One of them is because she believes it is much better for them to visit 5-cent shows instead; another, because there are numerous by-paths out to American Lake which are much more secluded than the Trustees' eyes.

How to Enter a Door

Is it bad manners to walk into the study hall in front of a teacher?

COCKIE.

Yes; if you are carrying a novel of doubtful character which would not be so easily noticed if you were in the rear.

Thanking a Teacher for Acting as Chaperone

Is it necessary to thank a teacher for acting as chaperone during serving.

LEONE.

Certainly, if merely as an assurance that her attempt to give you pleasure has been successful. A few words as you leave are sufficient.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

When to Tell Truth

Is it proper to tell the truth at all times, even when it is apt to cause a serious result or otherwise?

FRANCES.

No; never tell the truth if there is any way out of it, as you remember the old saying, "It is the truth that hurts."

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Openwork Stockings on Walk on a Ten-Year-Old Girl

Is it proper to wear openwork stockings on a morning walk? I am only ten years old and my mother will not advise me, so will you please tell me your ideas on the subject?

EDNA B.

No; you are entirely too young. Purple and green with red dots would be more youthful and girlish, or something in your class colors: for instance, green and yellow would be very sweet and dainty.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

The Etiquette of Whistled Signals

Is it good form to whistle to a friend who is passing my window?

GEORGIA.

It is extremely indiscreet to do such a thing when a member of the Faculty is present in your corridor, as it does not show a proper deference to your elders.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Visiting Cards of Seventeen-Year-Old Boys

How should the visiting card of a seventeen-year-old boy be engraved?

TULLIS.

Until a boy is of age, his visiting cards should bear his full name, with the prefix Master, viz., Master Hugh Schively.

Personals

Lotus (to Rowine): "Tell me what you want to say and I will say it."

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Saturday, 9:30 a. m.—

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
How many marks I got this week."

Saturday, 9:30 p. m.—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
Which means you'd better get to bed and stay(?)"

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Bessie E.: "The Egyptians built the mermaids."

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Florence S.: "The Sahara Desert is 4,000,000 square miles long."

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Miss Frahm: "All use the same feet."

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Corinne: "Please, may I have a match and a box to scratch it on, so as to light my hair?"

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Addie (translating): "—— il avait déjà gravi l'escalier," "—— he had already ascended the bannister."

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Corinne: "Scott hurt his leg cutting his teeth."

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Miss Marianne: "If you ride downtown, take the car."

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Katherine B. (coming upstairs crying): "They treat me more like a dog than an animal."

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Miss Smith: "He is a younger man than I am."

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Leone: "Does he run and jump in, when the flying machine is in the air?"

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Addie: "Why, my mother is married!"

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Miss Fitch: "Why, what do you think? Addie had to kiss me today."

Corinne: "Wasn't that awful?"

Mary W.: "All my descendants are Scotch-Irish."

§§ §§ §§ §§

Miss Fitch: "I want the attention of every one this way and not behind you nor back of you."

§§ §§ §§ §§

Corinne: "She grinned from mouth to mouth."

§§ §§ §§ §§

Mary Louise: "Octavius Augustus was the grand niece of Caesar."

§§ §§ §§ §§

Irene: "Aediles are those who clean the streets of Rome."

§§ §§ §§ §§

Carlesta: "Miss Guppy, you remember fifty years ago."

§§ §§ §§ §§

Miss Fitch: "What was Pompeii, Katherine?"

Katherine B.: "Why, it was a city that was interrupted by Ves-uv-ius a long time ago."

§§ §§ §§ §§

Theresa: "They will have to let me go through the door one at a time, or I will never get through."

§§ §§ §§ §§

Selma: "Is Hamilton smooth faced?"

Addie: "No, he has freckles."

§§ §§ §§ §§

Katherine B.: "I wish I were a postage stamp."

Rebecca: "Well, you'd get a good licking if you were."

§§ §§ §§ §§

We hope so, Rebecca!

Rebecca (in English, reading): "Do you like me, Kate?"

§§ §§ §§ §§

Katherine B. (showing a piece of paper): "Whenever I need any inflammation on my arithmetic, I just use this."

§§ §§ §§ §§

Miss Criswell: "You may write with pen or ink."

§§ §§ §§ §§

Rebecca: "May I bring my hair into your room to comb it?"

§§ §§ §§ §§

Harriet (translating): "C'est aux pointes de fer qu'il s'est blessé, sans doute." "He is blessed at the gates of Hell."

§§ §§ §§ §§

"Bryan was running for President with a silver plank."

§§ §§ §§ §§

Miss Bonner: "Is next Friday Good Easter?"

Hazel S.: "This damp weather takes all the hair out of my curl."

☼ ☼ ☼ ☼

Rebecca: "Lotus, have you an alcohol stove?"

Lotus: "No, dear. What do you want it for?"

Rebecca: "I've talked so much that my throat is raw."

☼ ☼ ☼ ☼

Sadie: "I know some German, Miss Bajohr taught it to me. Verliebt, verlobt, ver—why, what is that other word? Verliebt, verlobt—oh, yes! Verliebt, verlobt, verdamunt!"

☼ ☼ ☼ ☼

Neva: "Was Napoleon a monk?"

☼ ☼ ☼ ☼

The Senior class in United States History had just finished a discussion of the part played by Robert E. Lee in the Civil war.

Miss Guppy: "Is there any further question?"

Bess: "Please, who was Jesse James?"

☼ ☼ ☼ ☼

Conundrum: "Whose plaintive voice came floating over the water in the twilight, at the Senior picnic: "Has anyone seen Miss Bajohr?"

SUNNY SIDE

Those rising bells! those period bells!
How many sad tales their music tells,
Of study and sewing, all the time;
Oh, would we'd never heard their chime!

Those joyous hours have passed away
Wherein our hearts were light and gay;
Within the Sem., where Labor dwells,
Hear we always those doleful bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;—
Those tuneful peals will still ring on,
While other girls shall fill these cells,
And dread the summons of those bells.

K. S., '13.

CLASS YELLS

Freshmen ? ? ? ? ?

Sophomore ! ! ! ! !

Juniors Oh, Ki-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-od.

Seniors Going, Going, Gone.

THIS WEEK'S BILL AT THE PANTAGES

Edythe Champvert, the dainty French comedienne, will open as the headline attraction at the Pantages Theatre, Monday afternoon. Although a miss still in her teens, Edythe Champvert is earning one of the highest salaries paid in a single act on the Pantages Circuit. Made-moiselle Champvert appears in a number of songs, changing costume for each one. Her most popular numbers are, "Bonnie Sweet Bessie," "Shine On," and "In My Merry Oldsmobile." But Edythe Champvert is by no means the only star of the new bill. As an extra feature will come Brockman, a cartoonist of exceptional cleverness. He is lightning fast in his work and his presence on the bill is considered distinctly an attraction.

Hazelton Chambers, supported by an exceptionally capable company, will present the famous dramatic playlet, the "Robb-er." Mr. Chambers is an actor of remarkable ability and cannot fail to do justice to the delightful playlet.

Besides this there is Bob Stevenson, the celebrated monologist, who furnishes an endless amount of fun and laughter.

Kellogg and Burgess are too well known to need any introduction. The mere announcement that they will present the bright comedy sketch, "The Trials of Neptune," is sufficient. The act is first class in every way.

Willoughby, Roach and Young are a comedy team of unequalled merit. Their act is replete with comedy of an original variety.

No Pantages bill would be complete without La Signorina Robba, who will offer a new song, "Would You Be True to Eyes of 'Hazel' If You Looked Into Eyes of 'Brown'?"

The Pantagescope will offer a fine set of the latest moving pictures, making up in its entirety a bill that looks like a real winner.

NEXT WEEK'S BILL AT THE GRAND

As the headline attraction on the new bill at the Grand comes the famous comedy playlet, "Suppressing the Press," with Simpson and Kempinsky in the principal roles. They are actors of unquestionable talent, whose long and careful study of their roles has made their interpretations perfect.

As a special feature on the new bill will be found the top-notch vaudeville act, the famous strong man, Keen, who juggles with heavy hardware, such as a cannon, cannon balls, 500-pound shells and the like.

In his business he is declared to stand alone.

A good deal of the fun of the show is caused by Drew and Kellogg, two black-face comedienues who are said to have it on about all of the other funmakers in that line. They are great handlers of nonsense, and they are also decidedly vocalists. Leading critics have praised them highly.

Wells Atkinson, the "Prince of Slang," with a company of capable players backing him, will offer vaudeville's best bet, a one-act sketch, entitled "Shorty."

Jim McRae is about the liveliest, spightliest comedy acrobat in vaudeville, and his act is well worth seeing.

An additional attraction is Carl Overmeyer, the famous monologuist. Carl can also sing and dance and his act, full of all kinds of laughs and fun, is one of the best on the bill.

Hazella and Francesca are two very striking young equilibrists, whose performance is unequalled. Their tight-rope work is wonderful.

Dona Hyde will have a new song, as usual. "Whah Is Ma' Henry?" is the name of her latest. It is set off by a fine set of pictures.

The Grandoscope, with some of the latest moving pictures, closes a bill that is a top-notch.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD

1. Sophomores winning Field Day.
2. Juniors not winning.
3. Hazel's brilliancy in Chemistry.
4. Andrew.
5. The success of the Sorority.
6. Rebecca's cleverness.
7. The Caesar Class.

H. SMALL.

"EXPELSIOR"

(Apologies to Longfellow.)

I.

The shades of night were falling fast,
 As down the darkened corridor passed
 A maid, who bore a great big slice
 Of pie, a cup, and strawberry ice.

II.

Her brow grew dark, her eye grew dim,
And through the light she looked quite thin,
As like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unwished for tongue.

III.

"Oh! stay," Miss Williams said instead,
"And rest your head upon this bed";
A tear rolled down her pallid cheek,
But still she answered, "I didn't sneak."

IV.

"Beware," she said and passed rightly,
"You'll get your fill of this big pie."
This was the "Lady's" fond good-night,
And then she vanished out of sight.

V.

At noon, next day, right through the door,
She heard the voice of Miss Bajohr,
"Today on duty I will be,
Ah! see that you come and visit me."

VI.

There in the serving room cold and gray,
Hazella learned poetry all that day,
Till four o'clock she jumped with glee,
And said, "Never, never, again for me."

HARRIET ANDREWS, '10.

MOTTOES AND QUOTATIONS

Adelaide—Live and love, but swear to nothing.

Dorothy A.—To dash through thick and thin.

Rebecca—Do or die.

Edith G.—Dressed in a little brief authority.

Mary Louise—Safety before politeness.

Bessie Knettle{

Carlesta }

What God hath joined together let no man put
asunder.

Miss Criswell—T'is better to have loved and lost than never to have
loved at all.

Georgia—My friend he was; whom I had known before (???)

Katie McRae—Set thine house in order.

Dora W.—Obey thy heart.

Harriet—If trouble doesn't trouble you, trouble it.

Miss Marion—Snatch a kiss in haste.

Hazel Chambers—Only one thing is more beautiful—her soul.

Our Gossips—Believe everything you hear. Be fools. Tell everything you hear, and more too. Be cats.

Lotus—A toiler dies in a day, but a dreamer lives forever.

Friday Night—A very ancient and fish-like smell.

Laura S.—A peace above all earthly dignities; a still and quiet conscience.

Miss Harnish—Still harping on my pleasures past.

Katherine B.—Why turn away, when I draw near?

Virginia Parker—The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of her "Guardian."

Helen K.—The hoary head is a crown of glory.

Leone—The wicked flee when no man pursueth.

Bessie B.—Man shall not live by bread alone.

Kathrine S.—The very hairs of my head are numbered.

Miss Seeber—Live long.

Irene Short—Appetite comes with eating.

P. A.—Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.

Miss Williams—It is I. Be not afraid.

Frances—It is good for us to be here.

Andrew—It is not good that man should be alone.

Mary Woods—To loaf is a science.

BY US

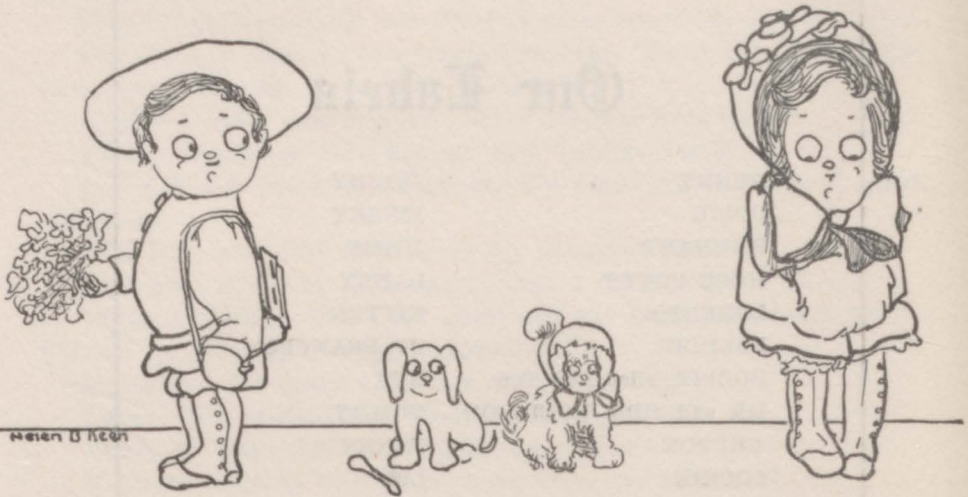


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By BILLIE.

EXCHANGES



EXCHANGE LIST

Tahoma, Tacoma, Wash.; Rayen Record, Youngstown, Ohio; Student, Covington, Ky.; Wheat, Ritzville, Wash.; K. I. Review, Kidder, Mo.; Chinook, Heppner, Oregon; Camosun, Victoria, B. C.

The cover of the "Student" might be changed to good advantage. Each publication of the "Tahoma" is better than the last.

The April issue of the "Rayen Record" is particularly interesting. "Hash" in the "Calendar" is always good.

The "K. I. Review" needs cuts.

The disturbing cover of the "Chinook" is quite as annoying as the quantity of slang used in the Literary Department.

"Wheat" is improving.

The "Camosun" is full of splendid school spirit, and promises well.

EXCHANGE JOKES

A Little Social Affair

A woman, dirty and disheveled, went into a public dispensary with her right arm bruised and bleeding. As the surgeon applied the necessary remedies he asked: "Dog bite you?"

"No, sorr," the patient replied; "another loidy."

"Well," said Smith, nettled at the interruption, but equal to the occasion, "if you must know, it was the close of a summer day."

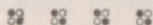
Perfectly Natural

"This tree seems to be loaded with apples," observed the city visitor to the little daughter of his friend as they walked around her father's farm.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "Father says this is a good year for apples."

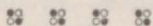
"I am glad to hear that," said the visitor. "Are all your trees as full of apples as this one?"

"No, sir," explained the little girl, "only the apple trees."



A soldier in the Philippines was nursed through rice fever. On his recovery he thanked the nurse like this:

"Thank you very much, ma'am, fer yer kindness. I sha'n't never forgit it. If ever there was a fallen angel you're one."



Then Willie Scored

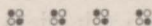
As papa was about to apply the strap, Willie said firmly: "Father, unless that instrument has been properly sterilized I desire to protest." This made the old man pause. "Moreover," continued Willie, "the germs that might be released by the violent impact of leather upon a porous textile fabric, but lately exposed to the dust of the streets, would be apt to affect you deleteriously." The strap fell from a nerveless hand.



Thus a Coolness Arose

"Did you ever have a cold," inquired the plain citizen, "that you couldn't get rid of?"

"No," answered the purist. "If I had had, I would have it now."



They Were Beginning It Rather Early

In a summer hotel, where the rooms on the first floor were lettered instead of numbered, a young bridal pair were given the suite including the rooms M and L. A new callboy, carrying a basket of fruit for them, had forgotten which rooms they occupied, and, coming upon their English maid in the hall, he called out:

"Where can I find Mr. and Mrs. Patrick?"

"You'll find Mr. Patrick in h'M," replied the maid, "and 'is wife in h'L."

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Lives of editors all remind us
That their lives are not sublime,
For they have to work like thunder
To get their paper out on time.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Teacher—"Jimmie, suppose you had ten apples and ten oranges, and gave nine-tenths of them to some other boys, what would you have?"

Jimmie—"I'd have my head examined."

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Four Epitaphs

Deep wisdom—swelled head,
Brain fever—he's dead.
A Senior.

False fair one—hope fled,
Heart broken—he's dead.
A Junior.

Went skating—bumped head,
Cracked skull—He's dead.
A Sophomore.

Milk famine—not fed,
Starvation—he's dead.
A Freshman.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

The weeping Ayes and Noes:—First Senior: "The House of Lords must be a sorry bunch."

Second Senior: How's that?"

F. S.: Why, they always sit in tiers."

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Would you call snoring sheet music?

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Teacher: "What is a ground hog, Carl?"

Carl: "Please, ma'am, it's a sausage."

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

History Instructor: "What did you do about all the week's reading that you failed to do?"

Freshman: "I made it up."

Instructor: "So I should judge from your papers."

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An Efficient Mistress

Mrs. A., who had a shiftless colored maid, was hurrying through her morning's work in order to go out with a friend in the afternoon. As she flew about from room to room, she heard the colored woman chuckling to herself as if very much enjoying some things. Impatiently she said:

"What in the world is it that amuses you so, Isabel?"

"Well, Miss Bessie, when I heard you gallopin' aroun' upstairs I jes' t'ought if you'd been de Lawd it wouldn't a' took you no six days to make de hebbens an' de yearth!"—S. A. Rice, in *Woman's Home Companion*.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Twixt Optimist and Pessimist
The difference is droll;
The Optimist sees the doughnut,
The Pessimist the hole.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Which Shall It Be!

At a fashionable wedding in a Southern city where the contracting parties were a wealthy widower and a handsome young lady, a faithful old servant, who had lived with the first wife all her married life, was reporting the festivities confidentially the next morning to a neighbor.

When she finished a fellow-servant asked: "Is he going to take a bridal tour?"

The old woman looked startled, and then glancing around to see that no one was near, whispered: "Well, I don't know ez he will take a bridle to her if she gets cantankerous—but he sure did take a strap to the other one."

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

She Understood!

He was trying to explain her first baseball game to the girl of his heart when a quarrel broke out on the diamond.

"Why, what is the matter now, Jack?" she asked. "Who is that man they're all quarreling with?"

"He's keeping the score," replied Jack.

"Oh," said Bessie with illumination, "and won't he give it up?"

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

What the Evening Wore

Smith was telling Jones a story:

"Well, the evening wore on—"

"Wore?" interrupted Jones facetiously. "Did it? What did it wear?"

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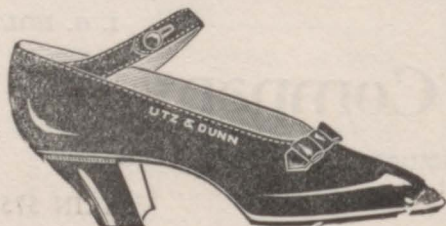
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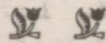


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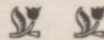
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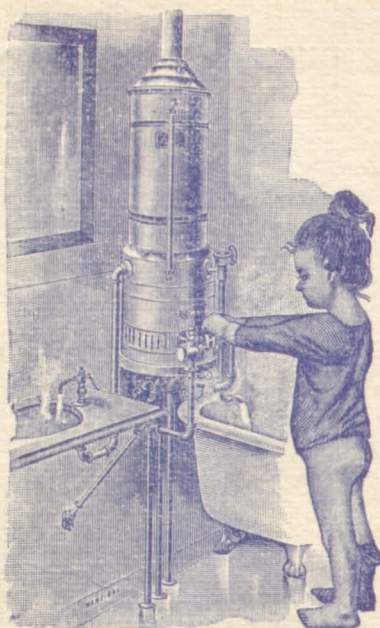
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